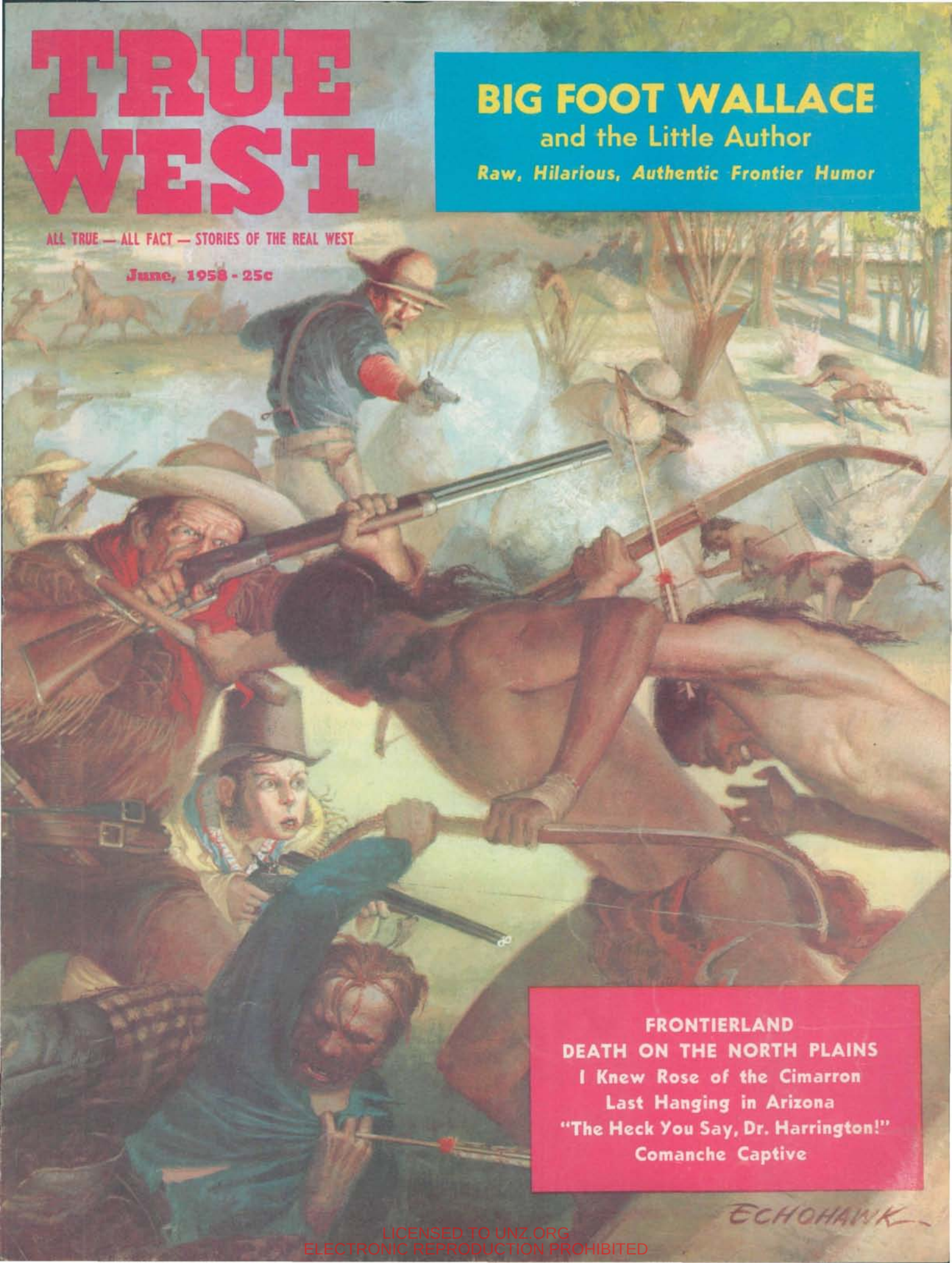
TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

June, 1958 - 25c

BIG FOOT WALLACE
and the Little Author

Raw, Hilarious, Authentic Frontier Humor



FRONTIERLAND

DEATH ON THE NORTH PLAINS

I Knew Rose of the Cimarron

Last Hanging in Arizona

"The Heck You Say, Dr. Harrington!"

Comanche Captive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST LINE BRITISH RIFLES!

ALL NEW DOCK ARRIVALS!

BURMA!

RARE AND FAMOUS BRITISH JUNGLE CARBINE

(Stock No. R52A)

.303 Caliber JUNGLE CARBINE Enfield No. 5 developed specifically for rough usage and bitter fighting in jungles of Burma, Borneo and Malaya. You may have seen rare and occasional specimens of this gun offered for as high as $100. Note the special refinements that give this great *weapon its distinctive and unusual silhouette. Streamlined jungle flash* hider, light and compact sporter type stock, built-in rubber butt plate! Famous precision calibrated Enfield sights. This very special gun is the only military weapon ever made with the lines, action and fast handling qualities of a modern high powered sporting rifle. 10-shot bolt action repeater. Caliber .303 British ammo is made by all major U.S. manufacturers in both target and softnose, sold at all gun shops and sporting goods stores. Select specimen, $29.95 **(Stock No. R52B).**

$24.95 NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

BIG GAME HUNTERS! FIRST TIME OFFERED! *M96 Swedish Army Rifle* STOCK NO. R44A $22.50

Famous Mauser Action with Swedish *Precision Refinements SNIPERTYPE* 5-Shot Bolt Action Repeater

Today this is the most sought after of all European service rifles for use as a target and hunting weapon. These extra fine guns are in the well known 6.5MM Swedish caliber with target and hunting ammo by Norma available. The special barrel to ride freely as in a fine civilian sporting rifle. Special sights. Rear sight is calibrated, adjustable for windage, front sight is an unusual streamlined blade of barleycorn variety, exceptional for both target and moving object shooting. These beautiful guns are made both in the Husqvarna Works and the Carl Gustafs Stads Verarsfabrik Arsenals of Sweden. They have become available only because of the recent conversion of everywhere in the U.S. The Swedish M96 is the most accurate of all Mauser rifles, a high recommendation indeed! With bench rest a selected specimen will keep the same group within 1½"! Many special refinements. Swedish ordnance has made many significant improvements in this gun over ordinary Mausers. For instance: the bolt features a guide rib to prevent jamming, allowing much smoother loading. A thumb cutout on the left receiver wall facilitates clip loading. Unlike other military Mausers, the Swedish M96 barrel is not encumbered by straight-jacket devices such as barrel bands and forend bayonet bands, allowing Swedish military forces to the new automatic weapons. Since the Swedes did not participate in WW II, these guns have been stored in ordnance depots and are in the finest condition both inside and out. We remove cosmoline and oil lightly before shipping as part of our service to you. Barrels appr. 29", bores guaranteed GOOD, straight pistol grip select hardwood stocks. Guaranteed in every respect. Test, fire under any and all conditions, return to us for full refund within 10 days if not exceptional in every respect. A few selected guns with V.G. bores and exteriors available at **$27.50**

STOCK NO. R44B

SWEDISH M96 AMMO SPECIALS: 100 rds. extra fine Swedish-made target ammo, $7.50; 20 rds., softnose hunting ammo, $2.95.

ACCESSORIES: Leather sling, $1.95.

GUARANTEED HIGH NUMBER 30/06 SPRINGFIELDS $39.95

STOCK NO. R22A

AMMO SPECIALS: Box of 20 rds. G.I. target, 150 gr. . . . $2.00; 100 rds. G.I. target, 150 gr. . . $7.50; 20 rds. professionally loaded soft point hunting, 150 gr. . . . $2.95; 20 rds. Rem. or Western Commercial Soft point, 110 gr., 150 gr., 220 gr. YOUR CHOICE $4.75.

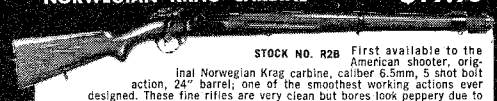
ACCESSORIES BARGAINS: Slings, U.S. gov't regulation cowhide–New . . . $1.95; Used . . . 95c; Swivel handle cleaning rod, 3 pc. and tip solid brass, gov't issue . . . $1.95; Brushes: U.S. Army brass, official, new . . . 2 for 25c; Oil: G.I. gun oil, 6 oz. can . . . 25c; Patches: G.I. cleaning patches, flannel (200) . . . 75c; Solvent: G.I. gun cleaning solvent, 6 oz. . . . 25c; Gun Case: G.I. olive drab, heavy-duty, brand new condition, heavy gov't spec. zipper . . . $1.95; Saddle scabbards, U.S. official top quality cowhide, riveted and stitched–NEW . . . $4.95. HUNTERS: We can again offer the famous U.S. Springfield '03 Caliber 30/06. These are guar. very good inside and out, clean sharp rifling. This is most accurate military rifle ever made, most popular hunting rifle and caliber in world. Softnose ammo sold everywhere. Single Springfields sell as high as $75. Get yours now while they last! SPECIFICATIONS: MODEL: '03. Bbl.: 24", 4 groove (not 2 groove). SIGHTS: Famous Springfield sights adjustable to 2700 yds: Windage and elevation. STOCKS: Gov't selected American Walnut. CALIBER: 30/06. NUMBERS: all high numbers. PACKING: Guns shipped to us in orig. army cosmoline. We degrease and oil lightly. Shipped in heavy duty protective packing case. ALL MILLED PARTS: no hurry-up war time stampings. Wt: approx. 8½ lbs. SHIPPING Wt: 10 lbs.

Remington INDIAN WAR Rolling Block Rifles

Fair **$9.95** STOCK NO. R10C — Good **$11.95** STOCK NO. R10B

Here's a beautiful gift for someone's den. A $19.95 value. These are original Remington's pride of Americana. High power single shot rifle Mod. 1902 excellent for hunting and target use. 30" nitro-proof, high-carbon steel barrel, caliber 7MM Mauser. Lots of Target ammo, $7.50 per 100 rds.

NORWEGIAN KRAG CARBINE $19.95



STOCK NO. R2B First available to the American shooter, original Norwegian Krag carbine, caliber 6.5mm, 5 shot bolt action, 24" barrel; one of the smoothest working actions ever designed. These fine rifles are very clean but bores look peppery due to use of corrosive primers, but rifles are nevertheless extremely accurate, **$19.95.** Military ammo., **$7.50** per 100. Softnose ammo., **$2.95** per 20.

8mm MANNLICHER RIFLE $19.95

STOCK NO. R3C 8mm Mannlicher straight pull bolt action short rifle modified at European arsenals to handle the standard 8mm Mauser rimless (7.92 x 57) Mauser cartridge as loaded by all American cartridge factories; 24" barrel, 5 shot magazine, redesigned so that separate loading clips are no longer necessary, bores good to very good, **$19.95.**

Military, $5.95 per 100 rds.

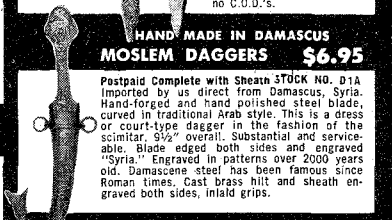
OUR GUNSMITH'S SPECIAL SPORTER $19.95

STOCK No. R21B
POWERIZED, ACCURIZED
.30 Cal. (7.5mm) BIG GAME SPORTER

Starting with a beautiful surplus Swiss army rifle in absolute excellent condition, our own gunsmith machines and precision crowns barrel to 22" sporter length, remounts and zeroes in sights, alters the hard mountain (red) walnut stock to sporter contours, rebeds barreled action *perfectly, checks headspace, trigger pull (guar. light, crisp). Please return* this gun for full refund if it is not perfect in every respect. Bores are perfect. A sporter for all big game. 12-shot bolt action (straight pull) repeater. **Softnose hunting ammo, 20 rds., $3.25.**

IMPORTED SKEAN DHU $6.95 ppd.

STOCK NO. D2A
Pronounced "Skean Doo." Translation (from Celtic): Black Dirk. The ancient war knife of the Scottish clans. A fiery emerald-cut cairn stone always in deep amber color (about 1 3/16"x7/16") is set in the pommel. Sorry no C.O.D.'s.



HAND MADE IN DAMASCUS MOSLEM DAGGERS $6.95

STOCK NO. D1A
Postpaid Complete with Sheath
Imported by us direct from Damascus, Syria. Hand-forged and hand polished steel blade, curved in traditional Arab style. This is a dress or court-type dagger in the fashion of the scimitar. 9½" overall. Substantial and serviceable. Blade edged both sides and engraved "Syria." Engraved in patterns over 2000 years old. Damascene steel has been famous since Roman times. Cast brass hilt and sheath engraved both sides, inlaid grips.

FREE SPECIAL OFFERING OF RARE WORLD WAR II ENEMY WEAPONS

Many types reduced in price.
Too numerous to list here.

SEND FOR COMPLETE BULLETIN NUMBER SO-257. FREE ON REQUEST.

TO ORDER RIFLES, ETC.
ORDER BY STOCK NO. FOR FASTER SERVICE

Send check, cash or money order. For C.O.D. send ⅓ or more deposit. All items shipped F.O.B. Pasadena, Expr. charges coll. Calif. resid. add 4% state tax. 10-day money-back guarantee on all items. Dealers inquire.

X-6 AW
$14.95
WITH FREE AMMO
9MM STEYR-HAHN AUTO
VERY GOOD

World War I Austro-Hungarian officer's pistol. Fires 9MM Steyr-Hahn ammo. We include 16 cartridges with stripper clip free with each gun.

$12.95
RARE 8MM STEYR AUTO
VERY GOOD **X-3 A**

Collector's only. Sorry no ammunition. Imperial Austrian army.

X-7 A
$17.95
RUSSIAN TOKEREV AUTO
FAIR COND.

Red Star on grip, M30, 8-shot, fires .30 Cal. Mauser ammo. 4½" bbl. Confiscated by friendly power. Original ammo **$7.50,** 100 rds.

.22 CAL. DOUBLE DERRINGER

STOCK No. X17B

$29.75

The only derringer on the American market designed specifically for shooting .22 Cal. ammo. A brand new recreation of the original double barrel derringer made in modern day steel by the finest European gunsmiths. Fires .22 short, long and long rifle ammo. A rare conversation piece and an accurate weapon for plinking and home protection. Order from this adv. or see your local dealer.

$34.95 **X-11 AW**
MAUSER MILITARY

A rare find of the famous M96 German Mauser Military Pistol Cal. 7.63 issued through WW II. Very high velocity. Price includes 20 rds. ammo free. Additional ammo **$7.50** per 100. Some sold to Soviet Russia. N.R.A. Good.

SEND FOR FREE FOLDER

FREE

The largest collection of antique, and modern firearm parts kits, accessories and related items ever offered! These *various items include:* British Web Equipment; U.S. Web Equipment; Rifle and Carbine Carriers; Slings; Rifle Clips and Mags; Pistol Mags; Machine Gun Mags; Bayonets; S&W Parts Kits; Rifle Stocks; Machine Gun Parts Kits; Rifle Parts Kits for: SMLE #3, Mk 4, Enfield P-17, P-14, Spanish Mauser Mod. 05 & 98, Russian 7.62, Winchester Mod. 73, 92, & 94, Marlin Mod. 93: Cleaning Kits and Supplies: Actions: Mod. 95 & 98, P-17 & P-14, Krag; Armorers Tools; Civil War Items of all descriptions; Cannons; Grenade Launchers; Grips; Muzzle Covers, etc. SO/258

TO ORDER HANDGUNS
ORDER BY STOCK NO. FOR FASTER SERVICE

Enclose signed statement, "Am not alien, never convicted of crime of violence, am not under indictment or fugitive, am 21 or over." Mass., Mo., Mich., N.Y., N.J., N.C., R.I., Omaha, New Orleans, require permits — enclose with order. TO ORDER: Send check, cash or m.o. Send ⅓ deposit on C.O.D.'s. Pistols shipped R.R. expr., F.O.B. Pasadena, collect. Calif. resid. order thru local dealer only.

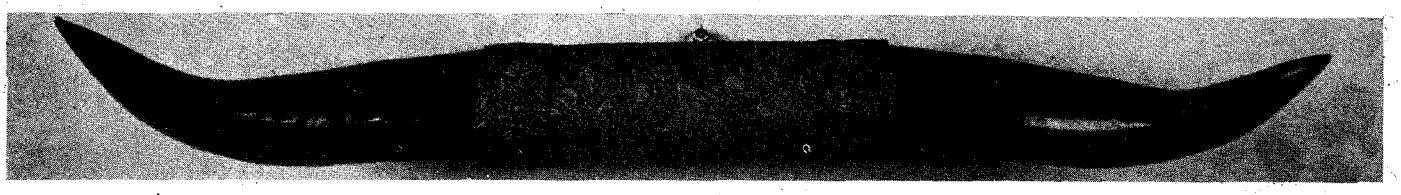
GOLDEN STATE ARMS CORP.

386 W. GREEN ST., PASADENA 288, CALIF.

FREE with any order — New Book "Fun and Profit in Gun Collecting"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENUINE TEXAS STEER HORNS



No. 81
TEXAS STEER HORNS

Leather Trim—12 to 16 inch spread. $5.00 each. Weight 1¼ lbs.

No. 82
TEXAS STEER HORNS

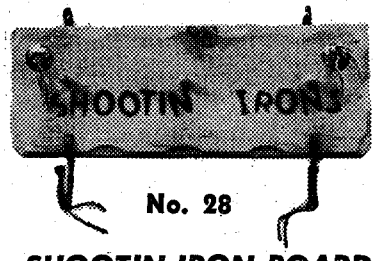
Leather Trim—16 to 22 inch spread. $10.00 each. Weight 2 lbs.

No. 83
TEXAS STEER HORNS

Leather Trim—22 to 30 inch spread. $15.00 each. Weight 3 lbs.

LONGHORN STEER HORNS - **Spread up to 96 inches. PRICE ON REQUEST**

GUN RACKS
For "Little Cow Boys"



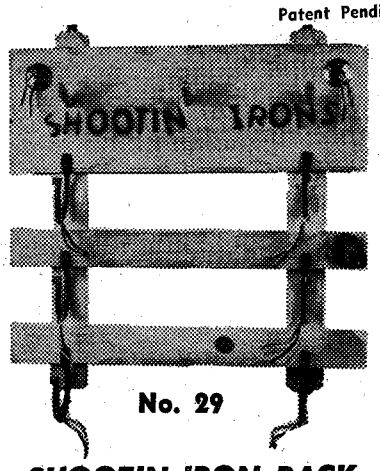
No. 28

SHOOTIN IRON BOARD

Price $3.00—Size 10" x 20"

Beautiful Knotty Pine Board with Branded Letters. Black Metal Horseshoes Laced with Rawhide. Hardware Pegs for Hats, Lariat, etc. Saddle Conchos with Rawhide Ties. A Western Gun Rack for Western Gear. Beautiful for your den. Complete—Ready to Use!

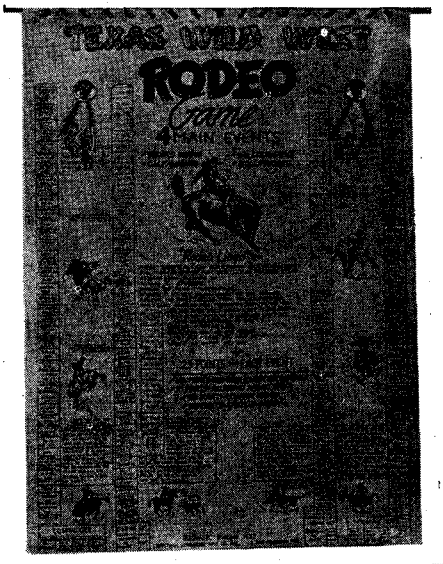
Patent Pending



No. 29

SHOOTIN IRON RACK

Price $6.00—Size 20" x 20"

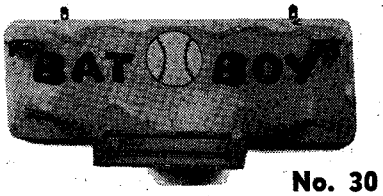


No. 70
TEXAS WILD WEST RODEO GAME

Price $4.00—Size 18" x 26"

Exciting—Different—Authentic RODEO GAME! Made of Leather-like Plastic. Wood Hanger Laced with Rawhide. Metal Conchos with Rawhide Ties. Leather Color with Red and Black Lettering. A Game for Points and the Winner is Champion Cowboy of the TEXAS WILD WEST RODEO GAME! Colorful Wall Decoration for your Den. Packed in a Beautiful Western Designed Gift Box.

BASE BALL
Equipment RACK



No. 30

BAT BOY BOARD

Price $3.00—Size 8" x 20"

Holds Bats, Balls, Gloves, etc, Made of sturdy Knotty Pine with Maroon Lettering. Metal Clips Hold Bats. Hard Wood Pegs for Cap and Gloves. Box for Balls. If they play ball, they need a "Bat Boy." Complete Ready to Use!

No. 84
APACHE TOMAHAWK

Horn with Leather Trim. Rough Wood Handle, Bright Colored Feathers. 16 inches long—Weight ½ lb. $2.00 each.

No. 85
HOUND DOG CALLER

With Whistle. Leather Thong. Horn Size 6 to 10 inches. Weight ½ lb. $2.00 each.

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE OR SHIPPING CHARGES ON ALL ITEMS ORDERED FROM US! Write for Special Quantity Prices! We have Special Mexican and Western Gifts. Write for FREE CATALOG!

THE RANCH HOUSE 216 Chesterfield, San Antonio, Tex.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coming Up!

IN 1803, the French Emperor Napoleon sold to the United States the huge Louisiana Territory extending from the Mississippi River to the Far West. Thus, at one stroke and without warfare, the territory of the United States was more than doubled. To collect information on this vast new territory, President Jefferson sponsored an expedition headed by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to explore it, find an overland route to the Pacific, and report on its resources. The Party set out on the Missouri River for the great unknown Northwest in May, 1804. A year later they reached the Great Falls of the Missouri in Montana. From that point they made their hazardous way across the forbidding mountains, with the guidance in part of an Indian woman named Sacajawea. R. F. Karolevitz tells the thrilling story of this heroine of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in the next issue of *True West*. This is *must* reading—particularly for our lady fans who are inclined at times to think we publish too many stories about men.

J. Frank Dobie is a perennial favorite with our readers, especially when he writes of outlaws or lost mines. Next issue Mr. Dobie tells the story of the Texas outlaw, Sam Bass. He calls his piece "The Robinhooding of Sam Bass," and goes on to prove that "nobody but just folks can robinhood an outlaw." Reminiscences by people who knew Sam, verses of the "Ballad of Sam Bass," blend in Mr. Dobie's inimitable style to make a fascinating narrative.

Of course, many readers count that issue lost that does not contain a lost mine story. Don Ashbaugh's article "Lost Breyfogle Mine Found?" will keep them happy. There's even a map for the adventurous souls who prefer to do their mine-hunting afield rather than in an armchair.

Robert E. Callahan, another noted Western writer, makes his bow to TW readers in the next issue with his article "Kick-a-Poo Horse Race." Mr. Callahan wrote the original stories of the "Lone Ranger, "Santa Fe Trail," and "Death Valley Days" radio programs. His books *Santa Fe Trail, Daughter of the West,* and *Blonde Ice* were all made into movies which he helped to produce.

"Wyatt Earp's Million Dollar Shotgun Ride," by Lea F. McCarty, is such a provocatively titled yarn that we won't spoil it for you by telling you what it's all about. Suffice to say that it was told to author McCarty by A. M. King, Wyatt Earp's deputy at the turn of the century. In the pages of TW, Wyatt Earp is rapidly becoming as controversial an Old West figure as Billy the Kid or Wild Bill Hickok. This article will probably add fuel to the fire.

What with his writing of best-selling books and movie scripts, it's not often that our distinguished editor, Fred Gipson, has a chance to do a piece for us. For the many folks who have written in asking "How come?" we present Fred's piece on "Texas Talk" in which he discusses the idiom of his native Lone Star State. Fred hails from the Hill Country of West Texas and talks mighty slow and soft. You can imagine the hilarity when he traveled to New York and got trapped in the cross fire of machine gun Yankee lingo at a cocktail party thrown

(Continued on page 48)

May-June, 1958
Volume 5, No. 5
Whole No. 27

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

FRED GIPSON
Editor

ANGEL LESHIKAR
Associate Publisher

J. O. LOW, JR.
Director of Advertising

NORMAN B. WILTSEY
Research Editor

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

ELIZABETH SMALL
Newsstand Sales Manager

GLORIA CURD
Advertising Manager

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

BETTY HALE
Secretary

ROBERT SMALL
Circulation

JOY JONES
Circulation

IN THIS ISSUE—

TRULY WESTERN 3

BIG FOOT WALLACE AND THE LITTLE AUTHOR ..... Condensed by Tommie Gipson 4

FRONTIERLAND ..... By Walt Disney 10

"THE HECK YOU SAY, DR. HARRINGTON!" 14

LAST HANGING IN ARIZONA ..... By Walt Coburn 16

COMANCHE CAPTIVE ..... By Thomas W. Beard, Jr. 18

I KNEW ROSE OF THE CIMARRON ..... By Zoe A. Tilghman 20

JERK LINE JOCKEY ..... By Mark Trey 22

DEATH ON THE NORTH PLAINS ..... By Norman B. Wiltsey 24

Cover: Brummett Echohawk

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, April 22, 1953, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Denver, Colorado.
Copyright 1958, by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Truly Western

Old-timers' Corral

Dear Norm:

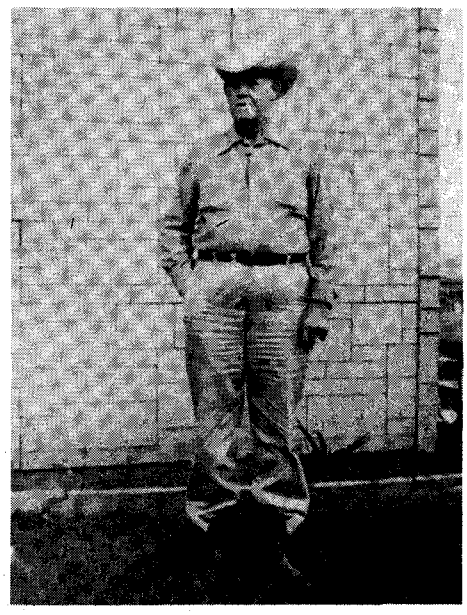
Were it not for we rattlebrained trail riders, your organization would be without stock—we who have been there and have seen what others write about. And don't think that we old-timers don't keep close tabs on you; I have been giving *True West* the eagle eye for some time. However, I am bound to admit that your little gang of waddies come about as close to the truth as possible. Therefore, may I extend my good wishes to all who have contributed to TW readers' pleasant enjoyment. Some of your contributors are old buddies of mine. The good folks that read TW are my kind of people; so best wishes to all. I would like to take you over the hair-raising tale of my fifty adult years, but time and writing talent do not permit.

In your November-December issue, I note the question: What IS a cowboy? Most of them are like the Irishman in the story—they resemble human beings. I have seen cowboys on the range, in the movies and hanging around drugstores. But the truest image of a cowboy I ever saw was one pictured, I believe, in a recent TW. A kid with a big slouch hat on his head, sitting on a rock out in the yucca flats, his dog beside him and a long stick in his hand. He was there to see that the family herd didn't wander off the home range. No horse, no six-gun, no rainbow shirt, no woolly chaps—but a real cowboy just the same.

On this Tom Mix ruckus that's got everybody steamed up: In my opinion, Mr. C. A. Dill of Vinita, Oklahoma, hit the nail on the head when he said that Tom Mix was NOT a cowboy. Certainly, in the sense of being an all-around and capable ranch hand, Tom was anything *but* a cowboy. He *was* a damn good trouble maker—arrogant, vain and gaudy, with a lot of guts. As to where he came from and who he really was, I will let his first wife tell the story. Olive Mix can tell the story of Tom Mix—a story where the facts will prove far more interesting than the fictitious character presented to the public; the glamorous fiction that won the hearts of children and adults alike.

Just as well the public never did know Tom Mix personally, although I have always felt that they should. I never worked with Tom on the range, but I did work with him in movies and for years was in close association with him. He did hire out to Colonel Zack Mulhall, who tried him out as a cowboy and fired him because he could not even ride fence line. I think a certain female would have killed him had he not left when he did. (That story is for her to tell.) Later, Tom hired out on the Bar-Heart Ranch, with Goodwin and Shay, out of Williams, Arizona. With his bright-orange angora chaps and a table-cloth around his neck in the warm month of August, he sure was a sight! It wasn't long before his awkward ignorance as a cowhand nearly got a couple of real hands killed, while topping off a rough string of broncs at the old MJB line camp. The boss saved his hide by putting him on the supply wagon and sending him in to Williams after a load of provisions—a 27 mile drive over roads unfit for auto travel. Well, Tom had a hell of a time! The team ran away with him 14 miles out, wrecked the wagon and tangled up in an oak thicket. He left them there, walked on into town, and took the Santa Fe on out West. Tom Mix never showed his face around Williams again. Needless to add, he wasn't missed.

Later I worked on this same ranch with those boys that had suffered Tom's company, and learned some things that some one else will have to tell. Eventually, Mix showed up in Hollywood and got into pictures. Olive Mix can give you the low-down on this. Still later I saw him at the Prescott, Arizona, Frontier Days—the same shindig so ably described by Blanche Lovern in "Truly Western." Tom was in full regalia, with all his picture-making cowboys with him. Some of these boys were real old range hands.



Jack Armstrong of Wall, South Dakota.

I went down to that rodeo with two other riders, intending to enter in bronc-riding and roping events. We never had a chance to enter, as it was clearly evident that Mix had bought the arena for picture-making purposes. Me and the boys just played spectators; nor did *any* outsiders make any money.

It was here that I saved Tom Mix's life, unknown to him or to anyone else other than the trigger-man and myself. I saw a .45 Colt cocked and leveled at Tom's left shirt pocket. I put my hand on the gunman's shoulder and suggested that we save Mr. Mix for a clay pigeon at some future date. The gent with the six-shooter accepted the suggestion and I got him away without further attempt at ventilating the movie hero. Damned if it wasn't a close thing!

I was in the Park Ranger Service about 1920 when Hero Tom brought his movie company out to the Grand Canyon at Hermit's Camp to make a picture. Talk about saddle-room gossip! I heard some unkindly things among the Rangers about Tom Mix. He had divorced Olive and married Vickie Ford. While on location, we heard the news of the arrival of Thomasina Maxine Mix—one "Helluva Fine Girl" the birth announcement read. She grew up to be a fine gal.

Later I went to work with Tom's company at the William Fox Studio. It was here that I learned how easy he made it for people to hate him. Most of his company had been top hands before getting into pictures. Sid Jordan—a swell fellow—played the heavy in most of Tom's films. These boys were all crack riders, but not one of 'em dared outshine the boss—if he did, he was fired right then. All the boys knew this, and just kept quiet and drew that big dough.

Pat Christman had trained Tony (Mix's famous black horse) to perfection and had sold him to Mix with the agreement that he remain in his care. Tom had another larger horse named Star as a stand-in for Tony. Many a time Pat could have cracked Tom's skull for his brutal treatment of those two good horses. Man to man, I think Tom Mix was the yellowest man I ever knew to wear a Stetson. In stunts, he had more guts than anybody. He never asked a man to do what he would not do himself and, as a result, was often laid up. Directors of other Western pictures got their riders killed or crippled trying to equal the rugged action that made Tom Mix famous. A strange man, this Tom Mix—arrogant, brutish, sometimes drunk—never a cowboy, but a damn good showman. One thing—he never came on the set when he was drinking. His pictures were as clean and colorful as his personal life was sordid. He was ruthless in his rapid climb to the top, as a man must be to succeed as he did. Personally, I both hated and admired Tom Mix—but God knows I never understood him. I am only trying to describe the man as I knew him, and I offer this description with all due respect to the deceased great showman and to Olive, Vickie and Thomasina Maxine, who loved and indulged him.

Olive Mix, I understand, has written a book about Tom. If she writes the truth, she will have to describe a Doctor Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. Should be very interesting reading.

To all those who remember me: I am now in the ranching and restaurant business at Wall, South Dakota, and would sure like to see you all.—Two Finger Jack Armstrong, Wall, South Dakota.

The Seventh Cavalry Makes Peace With The Sioux!

Dear Norm:

May I, at this time, express my appreciation for the thrills and enjoyment you have given myself and my family by your story of the Sioux. "Death on the North Plains" has made that phase of our American history come vividly alive to us all. I surely hope that some far-sighted publisher will see the opportunity for a best seller presented in the publication of your Tribal Series from *True West*. Not only that, but the series presents limitless possibilities for a TV show and several motion pictures. Such a deal would enable you to go ahead and write another Tribal Series on the relatively unknown tribes of America: the Blackfeet, Crees, Mandans, etc. I sure hope it comes to pass. I'm sure that such a book would have a ready-made

(Continued on page 46)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big Foot Wallace and the Little Author

Raw frontier humor! You seldom see it in the movies or on TV these days, but it was once as much a part of pioneer life as rawhide and boiled beans

Condensed BY TOMMIE GIPSON

Illustrated by Brummett Echohawk

Big Foot Wallace

Photos from Frontier Pix

From the book, Big Foot Wallace, Texas Ranger and Hunter, by John C. Duval. First published in 1870; republished by The Steck Company, Austin, Texas, in 1935.

WHEN the Mexican War ended in 1848 and that chap with the gold epaulets mustered us Texas Rangers out of the service, I concluded to try my hand at ranching. With some money I had saved up, I bought two hundred acres here on the Medina. Paid a swingeing price for it, too—twenty-five cents an acre, half cash down.

A few months later, I prepared a grand dinner and invited all the chiefs of the Lipans, who occupied all the adjacent country. I feasted them on bear meat and honey and sweetened coffee and then proposed a treaty. I asked them to guarantee never to interfere with me or my stock so long as I conducted myself peaceably toward them. We came to that agreement.

To clinch the treaty, I invited them to have a parting drink with me. *Coyo-lopto-hajo,* or "Smells-bad-when-he-walks," held the jug to his lips long enough to swallow a pint, and before they were out of sight, I saw him charge his mustang over the other chiefs and go off whooping and yelling.

Well, for several years, the treaty was faithfully kept. But the Lipans finally decided to emigrate to the headwaters of the Guadalupe, and the stock of horses and mules I had collected by this time proved too great a temptation. A night or so after the tribe had left, they sent back a party of warriors, who made a clean sweep of everything I had.

I was indignant at being served such a scurvy trick by my old neighbors, and I was determined to make them pay dearly for it. The next morning I went into San Antonio where there was stationed a ranging company in which I had many old friends. I told them how the Lipans had served me, and proposed that we make up a party and give them a lesson.

The captain allowed thirty of his men to volunteer for my party, and furnished us with four pack mules and rations to last a month. I was elected commander for the expedition.

Just as we were leaving San Antonio, a queer-looking customer rode up to me. He wore a stove-pipe hat, light cloth coat and pantaloons, and patent leather gaiter shoes.

"Captain Wallace, I believe," he said.

"At your service, sir," I replied.

"I am an author, sir," said he, introducing himself. "I am now engaged in writing a novel entitled the *Wayworn Wanderer of the Western Wilds.* But since I have never been outside the settlements, I am anxious to acquire some practical information of the subjects to be treated of therein. Now, I understand that you are starting on a trip into the wilderness, and if you have no objection, I should like to go with you."

"I have not the least objection, Mr. Author," I replied. "But I will tell you beforehand that you will have a very rough road to travel, and no taverns to put up in at night."

"Oh, I understand all about that," said he, "and if it is agreeable to you, I am ready to accompany you forthwith."

"But surely you don't think of starting on such a trip in the dress you have on!" I said.

"Why, what is the matter with my dress?" he asked, giving his apparel an admiring glance.

"Nothing now," I replied. "But by the time you get through the first chaparral on the way, you'll not have a rag on you big enough to patch a bullet; and besides, you ought to have your implements with you." I meant, of course, a rifle and revolver.

"Oh, I have them," he said, hauling out of his pocket a portable inkstand and a memorandum book.

To save my life, I couldn't help laughing right out loud to think of a man starting out on the warpath with nothing but an inkstand and a memorandum book.

"My friend," I said, "if you are determined to go on this trip, take my advice and go back to San Antonio and get you a gun and pistol and a buckskin suit of clothes, and then join us at my ranch. We'll be there until tomorrow evening."

I gave him the directions, and he turned his pony and cantered off toward town. I hoped what I had told him of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After breakfast, we took out. Our author rode alongside me with his bird-gun slung across his shoulders and his "umbrell" over his head.

the dangers and hardships of the trip wouldn't prevent him from meeting us as he had promised. For it struck me that there was considerable fun to be had out of him if he was rightly handled.

SURE enough, late in the evening, our author rode up to my ranch dressed in a suit of buckskin, with a little double-barrel gun on his shoulder and an umbrella strapped behind his saddle! He came up and shook me by the hand.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Author," I said, "and in a few days, I think I can promise you a little insight into the ways of the wilderness."

The men gathered around him as he dismounted to see if they could make out what sort of varmint he was.

"Hello, stranger," said one of them, pointing to the umbrella. "What's that you've got strapped to your saddle?"

"That," said our author, "is what is commonly termed an umbrella; it is used as a protection against sun and rain."

"And when you git it h'isted," said the fellow, "I'll bet you won't care if it rains Injins."

"I'd rather have his umbrell," said another, "than that bird-gun he's got on his shoulder; if he was to open it sudden on an Injin, he'd run, certain, thinking it was some new-fangled weepon; at least, his horse would."

"My friend," said I, seeing nothing like a revolver buckled around him, "why didn't you bring a pistol?"

"Pistol?" he said, rummaging about in his pockets. "I've got one somewhere, I know."

I wish I may be kicked to death by grasshoppers if he didn't fish up out of his breeches pocket a little pepper-box of a thing about the size and length of my big toe.

"Here it is!" said he, fingering the trigger as he pulled it out. "Pop" it went, right in the midst of the crowd. This excited the author so that he kept pulling the trigger until all six barrels were emptied. The men dodged behind everything handy, shouting: "Hobble the thing!" "Rope it!" and "Pitch it into the creek!" Fortunately, no one was hit.

They were tickled to death with the author, and proposed further amusement, but I objected. I told them that he belonged to me—I'd found him first—and that we musn't use him too extravagantly or he wouldn't last us the trip. They thought this reasonable and let him alone the balance of the night. After supper, they spread their blankets under the trees and were soon snoring away.

When we were left alone in the ranch, the little author and I fell to discussing his novel and literature in general.

"What do you think," he asked me, "of James Fenimore Cooper's delineation of the Indian character?"

"I rather think his Indians are highly colored," I replied. "They stalk about loftily, an eagle's feather on their heads, and talk in a manner that the Indians of this country couldn't comprehend. Besides, Mr. Cooper's Indians never laugh nor steal; I've always found Indians to be uncommonly fond of a joke, especially of a certain kind, and the most arrant and expert thieves that ever went unhung. I believe they could steal a horse out of a corral if there hadn't been one in there for a week."

"Then I've been cruelly deceived," said the author, "and shall have much work to do in changing my own characters, for they are drawn after Mr. Cooper's models. I intend my novel to be true to nature, and not merely sensational."

We sat talking till around 10 o'clock, and though he was green as a cut-seed watermelon on frontier life, he was well informed on many subjects of which I was totally ignorant.

After awhile, he asked me to show him his bed.

"A bed, Mr. Author," I replied, "is a piece of furniture that has never darkened the doors of this ranch; but yonder is a buffalo robe you may use if you can get Tige off of it."

"Have you anything in the shape of a pillow?" he asked.

I brought in a woolen maul and stuffed it under his buffalo robe; it was something in the *shape* of a pillow.

The next morning I asked him how he had rested.

"Only tolerably," he said. "I've a crick in my neck, for some reason; besides, an insect bit me cruelly during the night."

"Insect?" I said. "Did it seem to hop, or did it crawl?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gen. John R. Baylor and Big Foot Wallace, as they appeared in the seventies. This photo was made by N. Winthers, San Antonio, Texas.

"It did more crawling than hopping," he replied, "and more biting than either."

"Then," said I, "you're lousy, sure, from that suit of buckskin you bought yesterday."

"But what am I to do?" he cried, jumping up. "I've nothing else here to wear but that miserable buckskin."

"I'm sure they're all off the clothes by now and on you," I said. "You'll be all right again if you step down to the creek and take a good wash."

When he had gone, I gave Tige a good scolding for giving fleas to a house guest, but Tige seemed unconcerned.

AFTER breakfast, we saddled up, mounted, and took the trail of the Indians. Our author rode alongside me on a white-eyed paint pony, with his bird-gun slung across his shoulders and his "umbrell" tied behind him. He didn't present a very formidable appearance, and the men were highly amused. Nevertheless, we found out later that he was as true blue as ever fluttered, even though he couldn't do much damage with his bird-gun and pepper-box.

The Indians had such a head start on us that I knew we'd never overhaul them before they made permanent camp, so we traveled leisurely to save our horses for the long scout ahead. We traveled only about twenty-five miles that day, and camped just before sundown in a little valley with a bold creek and plenty of good grass for our horses. When we'd got supper, we staked out our animals, placed the usual guard over them, and lay down under the trees on our blankets. The author and I shared a bunk.

In a little while after we'd gone to roost, I noticed a dense black cloud coming up from the north. "My friend," said I, "we're in for a ducking unless you can protect us with your umbrella."

"Oh, I can do that," said he, jumping up; "and you'll find that an umbrella is not such a bad article to have along."

He unstrapped it from his saddle and hoisted it over us; but the squall struck with the force of a tornado, and the first gust of wind turned the umbrella wrong side out, wrenched it from his hand, and carried it out of sight.

"Captain," said he, "what's to be done now? We shall surely perish from such horrible exposure."

"Oh, we'll wake up fresh as larks in the morning," I told him. "There's a stream running down my back, but it isn't quite as big as the Colorado, and I'm not the least afraid of its drowning me."

He shivered and scrouged up closer to me to borrow a little of my warmth. "I begin to think," he said, "that there was a good deal of humbug to Cooper. When people 'bivouac' in his novels, the nights are clear, the stars twinkle, the turf is green and soft—there's a bowlder as big as my fist exactly under my hip—and everything is pleasant and agreeable. Yes, I'm rapidly losing confidence in that man."

The first thing we saw in the morning was the "umbrell" on top of a mesquite bush where the wind had lodged it. The men discovered it about the same time, and as they wanted to fire off their guns which had got damp in the rain, they pretended to think it was a turkey, and everyone took a crack at it. When the firing ceased, the author lifted the "umbrell" from its roost with a long pole. It was sadly damaged, but he carefully strapped it on his saddle again.

THAT day we traveled only about twenty miles before stopping at a small creek; I was doubtful about finding water for a long distance beyond. As the sun was still two or three hours high, several of the men went out hunting.

Our author went, too, though what he expected to kill with his bird-gun is more than I can say. He'd been gone but a short while when we heard both barrels of his gun go off in quick succession, and then we heard him halloo frantically. I seized my rifle and hurried off in the direction of the sound. At the top of a ridge about a half mile from camp, I looked into the valley beyond and saw him dodging a big buck around and around a small mesquite tree. Every now and then the buck made a furious lunge at him with his horns. Our author, however, displayed great skill and activity in dodging.

Thinking he was in no immediate danger, I walked along very leisurely toward him.

When I got within about fifty yards of him, he sang out: "Hurry, captain! Shoot this outrageous thing!"

But the fact is, I was in no hurry to shoot. It was rather a funny sight to see how spry the little author would squirrel round the tree whenever the buck made a pass at him. He was amazingly expert and nimble at dodging.

"Captain!" he cried. "Why don't you shoot? Do you want to see me murdered in cold blood?"

"That's hardly possible, Mr. Author," I called. "You have certainly taken exercise enough to warm up your blood."

But finally, fearing he might accidentally get hurt if the game was kept up too long, I raised my gun, deliberately took aim, and fired. The buck fell dead at the root of the tree.

Our author threw himself on the ground, completely beat out. But as soon as he could catch his breath, he said, "Captain, will you please tell me exactly how long it took you to walk from the top of that hill to this place and how long you took sight at that buck after you got here? I am anxious to know; I wish to make a note of it in my book." He was mad as a hornet.

"But Mr. Author," I said, "until I got up close to you, I thought *you* were after the buck, and not the buck after you. I thought it was the buck dodging around the tree, and you were trying to get hold of him to cut his throat."

"Well, it may have looked so to a man on a hill," he replied, "but it was just the contrary, I can tell you. And I never would have attacked such a beast in the first place if it hadn't been for Mr. Cooper. In all his novels, he describes the deer as 'a timid, innocent animal that is startled at its own shadow in the sun.'"

"And how do *you* intend to describe the deer?" I asked.

"Just as he is," the author said firmly. "A peaceable animal before you at-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

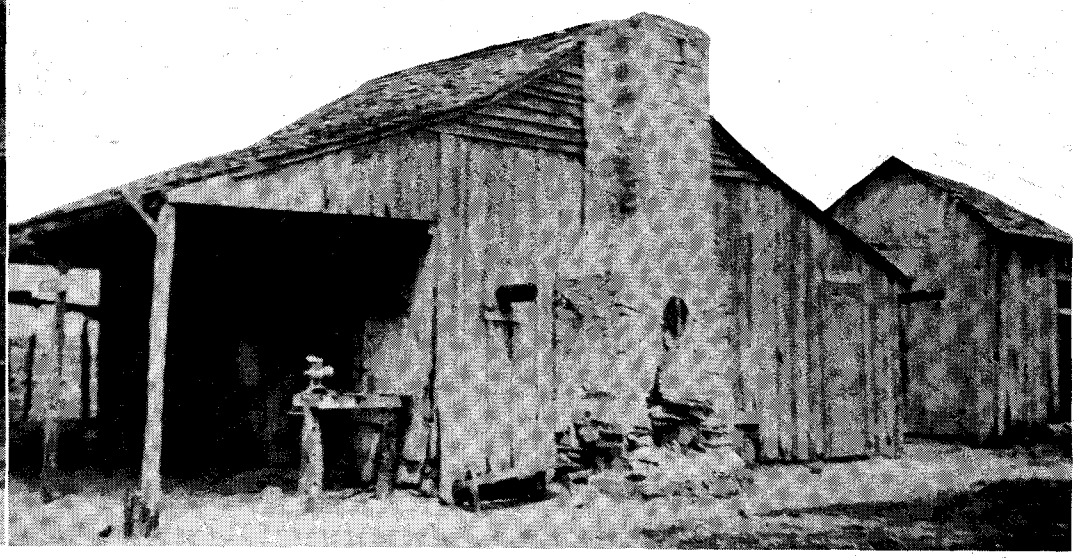
both men and horses were suffering severely, and I began to feel some uneasiness at the prospect of having to pass another night without water.

But our author stood the racket like a man. "Captain," said he, riding up to me, "I wouldn't have missed this for a great deal. I can work up from the material in the last twenty-four hours a *derer,* I've no doubt they'd have willingly put themselves to some inconvenience to aid me in perfecting such a work."

"Oh, no doubt of that," I answered.

"The fact is," he continued, "I'm beginning to lose some of my interest in the book myself; this wretched thirst torments me so I can think of nothing but water."

Left: Big Foot Wallace, as he looked to the citizens of San Antonio in the late seventies and eighties, according to old-timers. Below: This old house is the last home built by Wallace on what is called the Moore, or Lower Devine, Road in Frio County, Texas. Photo was made in early part of 1933.



tack him; but the moment you fire on him, a great fierce creature with a head of horns like a brush-heap, eyes green as grass, and his hair all turned the wrong way."

WHEN we got back to camp with the author's venison, we found that some of the boys had cut a bee-tree and brought in five or six gallons of excellent honey. We ate a bountiful supper, and I never in my life saw a man eat heartier than the author. He stowed away at least five pounds of venison, not to mention honey, hardtack, and other things.

"This wandering about in western hills seems to give one a wonderful appetite," he said as he sat sipping his coffee. "I feel like a frog that had swallowed shot."

"My friend," said I, "you haven't come into your appetite yet. When you've been out a couple of weeks, you'll be able to eat a mule and a hamper of greens at a single meal."

After awhile, our author took his memorandum book, and as was his custom, noted down all that had happened that day.

The night passed quietly, and the next morning we were again on our way by the time the sun had risen. We had entered a country that at that time was entirely destitute of water, and we traveled all that day and until an hour after dark without finding any. As the weather was warm, men and animals suffered severely for want of it.

The next morning we were up and again on the road; but for mile after mile, we still found not one drop of water in the deepest gullies and canyons that lay on our way. Toward sundown, thrilling chapter on the suffering produced by intense thirst. But I have one thing to ask of you which will complete the information I want. Will you ask the men to halt?"

Not having the slightest idea what he wanted, I did as he requested. The men drew up very unwillingly, for they were anxious to get on as fast as possible in the hope of finding water before night.

Our author rode out in front of them like an enrolling officer, and deliberately drawing forth his memorandum book, he said: "My friends, I hope you will not think I have taken too great a liberty in halting you in this way."

"Well, say it out quick," said one of them. They were parching. "This is no time for lectures."

"I won't detain you for more than ten minutes," said our author. "All I want of you is to keep still long enough for me to get an expression of the human countenance when distorted by the pangs of thirst."

And I wish I may be kicked to death by grasshoppers if he didn't ride along the line, now and then putting down such notes as "Eyes inflamed and bloodshot," "Lips purple and contracted," "Countenance pale and anxious."

At first the men didn't seem to understand what he was up to; but when they did, I verily believe they'd have murdered him if I hadn't stopped them. As it was, they gave him a hearty cursing and wheeled their horses and rode on rapidly. He was a little disconcerted by their unceremonious manner, but he soon recovered. "I can't blame them for being a little impatient," he told me. "But if I'd only taken the precaution to read them a chapter from the *Wayworn Wan-*

Luckily, just before night, we followed down the dry bed of a branch and struck a little pool of muddy water. With difficulty we kept our horses out of it until we had filled our canteens. When we turned them loose, they quickly drank it dry. They didn't get half enough, but still their thirst was partially slaked.

The water we had taken up in our canteens was so thick with mud that we could scarcely pour it; but our author pronounced it the best he'd ever drunk. He stated that the flavor of the mud was rather an addition to it than otherwise.

We encamped near this lagoon for the night and at daylight were on the way again without breakfast. There wasn't water enough left in our canteens to make a cup of coffee.

WE had traveled but a few miles when our trail led up into a narrow pass in the hills. After going up this two or three miles, we came to a beautiful little valley with a stream running through it bordered by large cypress and pecan trees. The grass was luxuriant.

The Lipans had stopped here some time to recruit their horses after passing over the desert country we had just come through; this was evident from the quantity of bones and other offal around their camps. I followed the Indians' example and picked out a campground in a grove of pecans and staked the animals out to graze.

Our author was a great geologist and would sometimes talk to me about the "stratas" and the "primary" and "tertiary" formations, although I knew nothing of such matters. Whenever we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

camped, he would boge about among the caverns and gulches, hunting what he called "specimens." He would come back with his pockets full of rocks, which he would sort and label and then store away carefully in his saddlebags.

My men thought he was unsettled in his mind, but they were indulgent. "Probably has no faith in that bird-gun of his," I heard one of them say, "and intends to fight with rocks when we catch up with these Indians."

As soon after our halt as he had unsaddled and staked his horse, he went out, as usual, hunting specimens. I was just settling myself for a snooze when I heard him hallooing. I picked up my rifle and started off to see what he'd got into.

At the bottom of a deep ravine, I found him sitting on the top of a chaparral bush with his memorandum book in his hand and about a dozen Mexican hogs around him. He was barely out of their reach, and every now and then one of them would make a pass at his legs when he stretched them a little.

As soon as I saw the javalinas, I scrambled up into a mesquite tree about thirty paces from where our author was roosting. I knew these wild hogs. When they're roused, they're the most dangerous of all wild animals. When in considerable numbers, they will attack a man, and are almost certain to cut him to pieces with their terrible tusks if he can't get away fast enough.

As soon as I found myself safe from their attacks, I thought to have a little fun at the author's expense. I called out to him to know what he was doing on that bush.

"Doing, Captain!" said he. "I'm trying to keep my legs out of reach of these wild pigs. There! Did you see that scoundrel make a pass at me?"

"But why don't you drive them away?" I asked.

"Captain, these pigs are afraid of nothing!" he answered. "I've thrown all my specimens at them and everything else I had about me but my memorandum book, and they only become worse. I can tell you I'm as glad to see you as I was when the buck was after me. I hope, though, you'll not be so deliberate."

I fixed myself comfortably on a limb. "Mr. Author," I said, "this situation reminds me of a scrape I once got into with javalinas. It's a story that would make a good chapter in the *Wayworn Wanderer*."

"Captain Wallace," said our author, "I am sitting on top of your abominable Texas chaparral with my knees drawn up to my chin, a thorn in each leg as long as my finger, and a dozen wild hogs lunging at me when I stretch them. I am hardly in a position at this moment to appreciate your interest in gathering material for my novel. Will you, for heaven's sake, shoot these animals and let me out of this nest of thorns!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Author," I replied, in all truth, "but that I cannot do. I have only the bullet that is in my gun, and if I shoot one pig, it will make the others ten times worse."

"Then what shall we do?" the little author asked.

"Why," said I, "the only thing we can do now is to be patient and wait until the moon rises tonight. I think the javalinas will leave us then."

"But the moon won't be up till 12 o'clock!" he cried. "And I can't stand this another fifteen minutes. Crackey, that fellow gave me a grazer! Took my boot heel off on his tusk!"

The little author snatched his "umbrell" from behind his saddle and flopped it open right in the eyes of the Indians' horses.

"About this story," I began. "It happened six years ago. Bill Hankins and I were out bear hunting on the headwaters—"

"Plague take that fellow, he brought blood that time," said our author. "Their teeth are sharp as razors."

"As I was saying," I went on. "Bill Hankins and I were out bear hunting on the headwaters of the Leon when we fell in with a large drove of these javalinas."

"They're gnawing my bush down," the author said pitiably. "They'll have it down in less than ten minutes."

"We fell in with this drove of javalinas, and before we were aware of our danger—"

"Shuh! you devils," said our author, flinging his last missile, his memorandum book, as the hogs rushed his bush.

"Mr. Author," I said in an offended tone, "you aren't paying attention. You might learn from the Indians in this respect; according to Mr. Cooper, they never interrupt a man."

"Oh, bother Mr. Cooper and Bill Hankins and the headwaters of the Leon," said the author. "Cooper's a humbug, and I intend to expose him as such. Ow! There's a thorn clean through my back into the hollow!"

"But my friend," said I, "you ought to bear your troubles with patience; think what a thrilling chapter you'll be able to make out of this adventure for the *Wayworn Wanderer*."

"Yes," he said sadly, "but who will be there to write it? I am soon to be chawed up by these pigs like a handful of acorns. Captain, you'll find the manuscript in my saddlebags. Take it and publish it for the benefit of the world. But tell them its author was devoured by some decent sort of beast like a panther, and not by a gang of squealing pigs. It won't sound romantic."

"I'll do it," said I, "but I hope you'll live to tell them about it yourself. You have a first-rate chance now to study the habits and appearance of these javalinas and can write a chapter that will be true to nature. Tell me, how will you describe them?"

"They look to me," he answered, "like a couple of butcher knives about as long as my arm, stuck into a handle covered with hair and bristles. Oh, my! There

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goes my pants leg and a strip of hide with it. I can stand this no longer!"

And I verily believe he'd have jumped down right among the hogs if some of the men hadn't just then walked up. Seeing we were both treed, they shot several of the hogs, and the balance, finding we mustered too strong for them, retreated into the chaparral.

Our author came down from his roost and threw himself full length upon the ground. This was for the purpose, he told us, of taking the tucks out of his legs.

NOW there was one thing of which our author was exceedingly afraid, and that was a snake. He could find more of them in one day than any six men in the company. The next day, he stirred one up and I got down and killed it. Unnoticed by the author, I slipped the rattles into my pocket.

"Captain," said he, as I remounted, "how have you managed to live so long and camp out so much at night in this wilderness without ever having been bitten by a rattlesnake?"

"Why, if you don't lose your presence of mind," I answered, "there's very little danger, even when a rattler crawls to bed with you. All you've got to do when you discover one crawling under your blankets is to lie still and let him fix himself to his notion. As soon as he is asleep, you can jump up without the least danger of being bitten."

"But who could lie still under such circumstances?"

"Oh, I have, a hundred times," I replied. "One dark night about a year ago, I felt a fellow crawling under my blanket, and nothing would do him but a place right alongside my face. I tell you, it was pretty hard to keep quiet when I felt his scaly sides rubbing up against my neck and face, but I lay perfectly still till he was asleep. Then I sprang up suddenly and struck a light and soon had the gentleman's head mashed flat as a pancake."

The little author shuddered from head to foot, and I knew that my snake story had produced the desired effect.

The next night we camped in a very snaky-looking place, and I cut off a piece of grapevine about as thick as an ordinary rattlesnake and slipped it under the edge of our blanket just before we turned in.

About half an hour later, I drew out the grapevine and ran it slowly along the author's back, at the same time gently shaking my rattles. He roused instantly.

"Oh, murder, captain!" said he, "there's a rattlesnake crawling along my back! What in the world am I to do?"

"I know it," I answered. "I hear him rattling now. Just lie still, and don't move a muscle until he coils up."

"That's easy enough for you to say," he said, and his teeth chattered with fright, "when I'm between you and the snake. But it isn't so easy for me. I can feel him squirming along my back now."

"Then you must lie still," I told him; "for the first motion you make, he'll have his fangs into you, sure."

"Captain, this is past endurance," he said in a faint voice as I gave the vine another twist and shook the rattles. "I *must* get out of this at all hazards."

"Unless you want to die," I cautioned, "don't move. By the way, Mr. Author, can you tell me whether the rattlesnake is confined to the American continent or if he is to be found in other countries? I've heard many opinions on the subject, and some think he is a species of the Cobra di Capello, the most poisonous serpent in the world."

"Captain," said our author, forgetting his fright for the moment in his indignation, "I like an inquiring mind; but I must say that you select the unlikeliest occasions for obtaining information."

"There is no doubt," said I, giving the vine another rake along his back, "that if they're not a species of the cobra, they're just as poisonous. I've seen a man die twenty minutes after being bitten. There was Jake Thompson, who was bit on the foot when we were scouting a year or two ago on the Nueces. He didn't live long enough to say 'Jack Robinson, Junior'; and yet in that little time, he turned black and swelled up big as a skinned horse."

"Captain," said the author, "will you do me the favor to postpone the balance of that story for another occasion?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said I. "I forgot you wasn't broke into the ways of the wilderness yet. When you've bunked with a hundred rattlesnakes, as I've done, you won't mind it a bit. I recollect about six years ago when Bill Hankins and I were out hunting on the headwaters of the Leon—"

"Bill Hankins and the headwaters of the Leon again! Captain, I have heard just as much as I desire of Bill Hankins and the headwaters of the Leon!"

"Very well," I said, shaking my rattles and screwing the vine into the small of his back. "I've no wish to force my stories on you. But if you'll hold on just one minute longer, you'll be all right."

"Not another second," he cried. "I may as well die one way as another." And he bounded from under the blanket and pitched to the ground ten or twelve paces off.

I seized a bottle of chili-pepper-sauce and ran to him. "Gracious," said I, "you've made another wonderful escape."

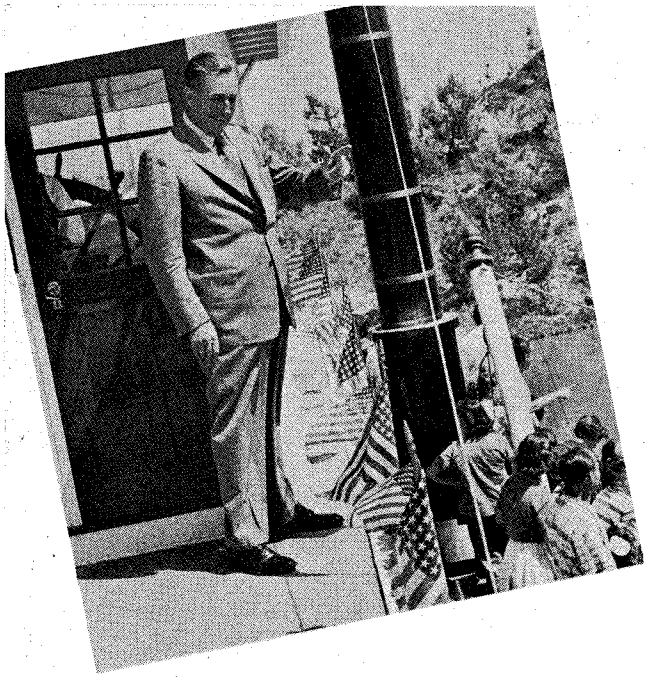
"I don't know about that," said he. "I'm afraid I'm bit."

"Here, drink this," I said, and he hastily swallowed about a pint of the pepper-sauce. "Do you feel as if you were up to your waist in a kettle of lead?"

"Not exactly," he replied when he could get his breath, "but I feel as

(Continued on page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



So that it may never be lost to the eyes of the young in heart, a great man has brought back in replica a part of the very heart of the Old West in the form of

FRONTIERLAND

BY WALT DISNEY

ONE of the biggest joys of my life is sitting on the levee in the Frontierland section of Disneyland, our park in Anaheim, California. As I gaze to the north, I can see the smokestacks of the steamer *Mark Twain* belching smoke and skirting along toward the tip of Tom Sawyer Island.

Then the boat hoves into view; the crowds line against the white railings. It moves majestically along, the stern paddle churning up the river foam. The captain lets the whistle blast, signalling his intention to land, and the Dixieland band on the shore swings into a ragtime tune.

I thrill all over every time that happens. Other people have told me they too get a big kick out of the *Mark Twain* swinging in to shore, but I doubt if anybody could enjoy it as much as I do.

You see, I go back a long way with stern-wheelers; back to the Missouri River in the 1910's. When I was growing up in Kansas City, there were still two stern-wheelers plying out of that town.

They were called the *Chester* and the *Majestic,* and they were handsome boats to see. They ran down the river to St. Louis, but on Sundays one would be in port and would take customers on river excursions for a dollar a head. I was on hand for a cruise whenever I could scrape together a dollar from selling newspapers.

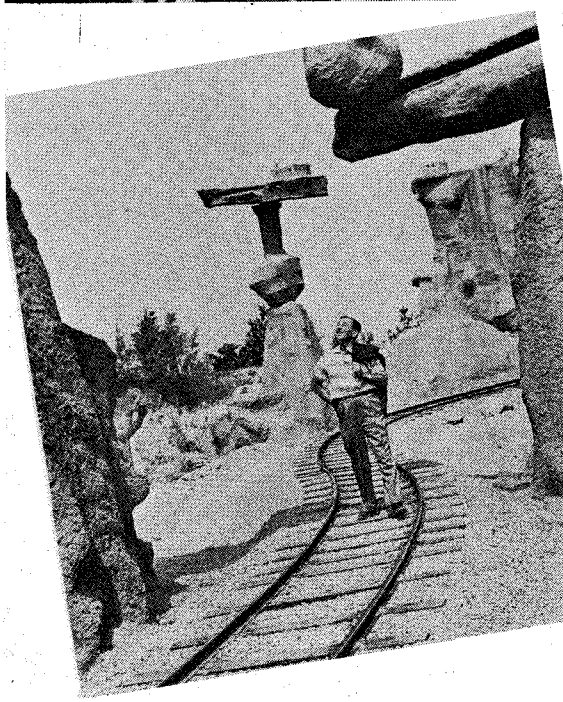
The Missouri river boats had to be stern-wheelers because there were so many sand bars. When they ran aground, they could reverse the wheel and pull off, something a side-wheeler couldn't do.

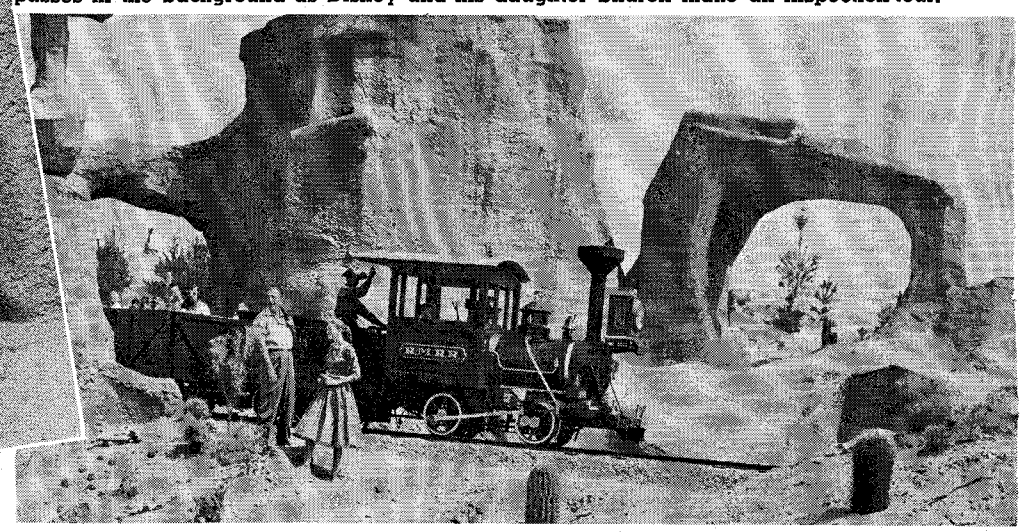
One of the thrills of my young life was when one of the excursion boats I was riding struck a bar. It remained there for an hour while the deck hands pushed long poles into the sand and the wheel churned mightily. Finally, with a great whoosh and swirl of foam, the boat pulled itself free.

These boyhood memories are the reason for my fondness for Frontierland. Of course, all the realms of Disneyland intrigue me—Fantasyland, Adventureland, Tomorrowland and Main Street. But Frontierland evokes a special response because it reminds me of my youthful days on the Missouri.

It was a thrill for a boy to grow up in Missouri after the turn of the cen-

Top: From the top deck of the stern-wheeler "Mark Twain," Walt Disney waves to visitors. Center: An excited bunch of youngsters take the stagecoach through the "Painted Desert." Bottom left: Walking the rails as he once did when a boy, Disney checks the hanging rocks of the Rainbow Caverns. Bottom right: The Rainbow Caverns Mine Train passes in the background as Disney and his daughter Sharon make an inspection tour.





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of Disneyland's most active spots is the "Rivers of America" in Frontierland. Four "water rides" liven the scene as Mike Fink Keelboats (foreground), Tom Sawyer Rafts (left center), and the stern-wheeling "Mark Twain" (at dock) all carry fun-seeking passengers over this specially created waterway.

tury. It was a special thrill for a boy who had been living in a big city like Chicago.

My family moved from city living in Chicago to the farm life of Marceline, Missouri, when I was not yet five. That was in 1906, when elements of the frontier were still visible in rural Missouri. Marceline was only sixty miles from Hannibal, Mark Twain's home town. I can recall seeing the big river boats dock there. And I remember exploring nearby caves like the one in which Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher got lost.

Marceline was not far from the railroad that used to take the river boat passengers to the stagecoach line at St. Joseph. A boy could have fun imagining outlaws swooping down on the coaches and shooting it out with the law. Less than fifty years before, the Pony Express had covered the same route!

My reading in that period was largely limited to the books in the family library. Many of them concerned the Civil War and tales of the frontier, both true and fictional. That was when I became acquainted with heroes like Daniel Boone, Thomas Hart Benton, Davy Crockett and Mike Fink. The fact that many such heroes covered the same ground I knew in Missouri made them all the more real to me.

So you can see why Frontierland occupied a great deal of my thought when we were planning Disneyland. Come on —let me show you around.

WE enter Frontierland from the plaza that connects all the realms. It's to the west, of course. As we pass over a bridge, we come to a log stockade. Those logs are the real thing; they were felled in the mountain region near Lake Arrowhead, California, and hand-hewn by carpenters who were specially chosen for their experience in log cabin or ship building.

Inside, you'll see some gnarled pine posts. Those were my own discovery. When I was on a trip to the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, I came across some logs with unusual burls on them. I figured they were just the thing for Frontierland and had sixty of them shipped down to California.

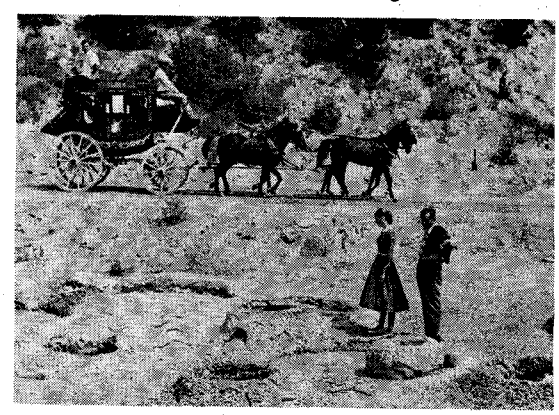
A typical frontier village catches your eye first, and you'll find many things to hold your interest . . . The Davy Crockett Frontier Arcade with its authentic display of guns that won the West . . . The leather shop, Mexican fiesta village, trading post, bone carving shop, exhibits of rare rocks and gems . . . The Golden Horseshoe Saloon, where a cast has presented a musical revue more than 3,000 times . . .

You've got to watch your step around this territory. Every once in a while, Sheriff Lucky and an ornery scoundrel named Black Bart have a running gun fight. There's a lot of shooting and shouting, and the sheriff always wins, of course.

To the right is the entrance to the wilderness and you can go by stagecoach, Conestoga wagon or mule pack. Or you can take the mine train of the Rainbow Mountain Mining and Exploration Company.

The train leaves in front of a miniature Western mining town. As it chugs into the desert region, the engineer points out various sights. There are weird cactus growths, some of which appear to take human forms. You'd swear one of them was trying to hitchhike.

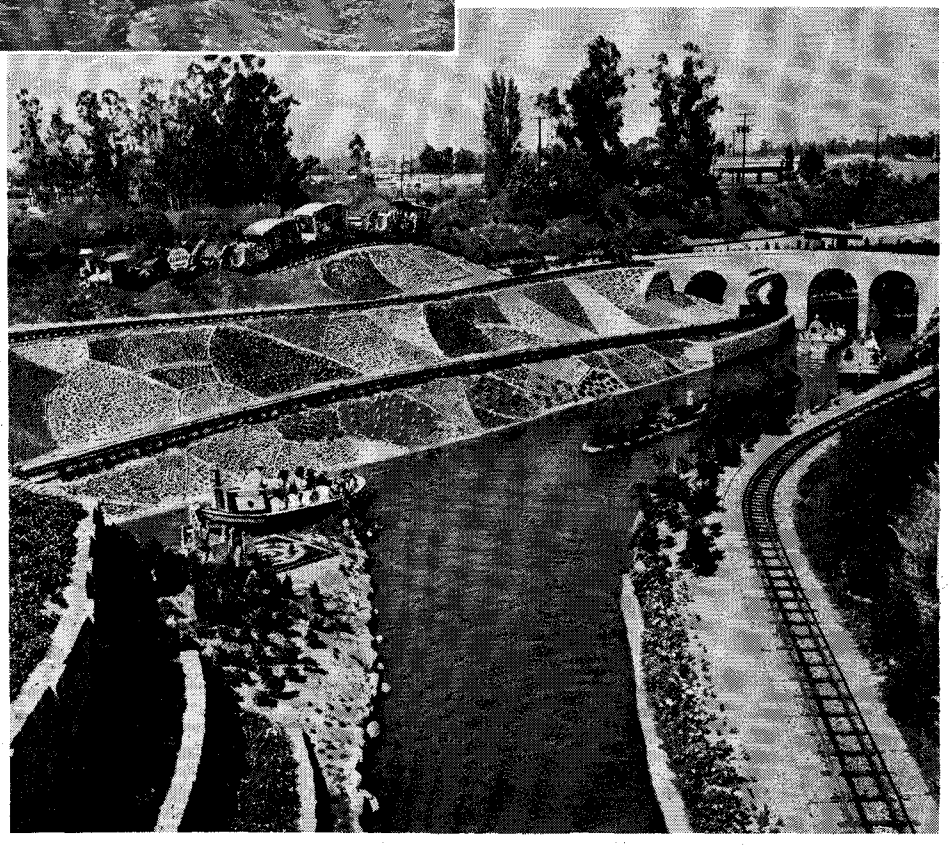
Above: Disney visits the Indian village of Frontierland and enjoys a chat with one of his staff and members of the Indian tribes represented here. Below: Walt Disney and Sharon inspect the bubbling mud pots in the Rainbow Desert of Frontierland as a stagecoach passes in the background.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At left: Mike Fink's "Bertha Mae" is a popular attraction with Disneyland visitors as they ride down the "Rivers of America" in Frontierland.

Below: One of Disneyland's newest attractions, Storybook Land in Fantasyland, brings to life your favorite storybook characters as picturesque canal boats gently glide through this land of make-believe. You will pass the miniature villages of "The Three Little Pigs," "Alice in Wonderland," "Seven Dwarfs," "Cinderella's Dream Castle," "Geppetto's Village" (pictured here) and many other quaint and beautiful scenes.



You pass the Devil's Paint Pots, where different colored mud burbles out of the ground. Then you come to the wind-worn Rocky Gorge, with such formations as Coyote Rock, Elephant Rock, Natural Window Rock and the Balancing Rocks. These teeter precariously and almost fall, oddly enough, just as the train passes.

Then the train enters the Rainbow Caverns, where cascading waterfalls form weird shapes in an eerie light. The effect is fascinating.

AFTER the train ride, we can walk down to the waterfront of the Rivers of America. Here is the big waterway that touches most of Frontierland. The best way to see it all is to take a cruise on the *Mark Twain*.

As you can expect from a Missouri-bred boy, I wanted the *Mark Twain* to be authentic. Our staff did extensive research on river boats of the past before it came up with a design. Like most of Disneyland, the boat is under-scale—to give a fantasy-like appearance. That meant the engines had to be specially built to fit into a smaller craft.

The superstructure was designed and built at the studio. The hull was built at the Todd Shipyards in Long Beach, California. The dimensions: overall length—108 feet; height, keel to pilothouse—28 feet; beam—27½ feet; displacement—125 tons.

The *Mark Twain* will accommodate 350 passengers on its three decks—provided the Disneyland Band doesn't decide to go along to entertain the travelers. The boat draws a little over two feet of water. The Rivers of America are five feet deep, about 200 feet wide and a half-mile long. The bottom is clay and liquid cement to keep it leak-proof.

As we pull away from the dock, you can see the eating places that line the waterfront. Here you can get real Mexican or New Orleans food in authentic surroundings. If you look real close, you'll see a monument containing an ancient anchor. We found it in an antique shop in New Orleans and it's believed to be from a pirate ship. We like to think it was Jean Lafitte's.

We round the tip of Tom Sawyer Island and head up the channel. To the left is the freight station of the Disneyland and Santa Fe Railroad. In that area I'm planning a Louisiana Purchase section, where we'll reproduce the New Orleans French Quarter, together with a fantastic Haunted House filled with all manner of delightful ghosts.

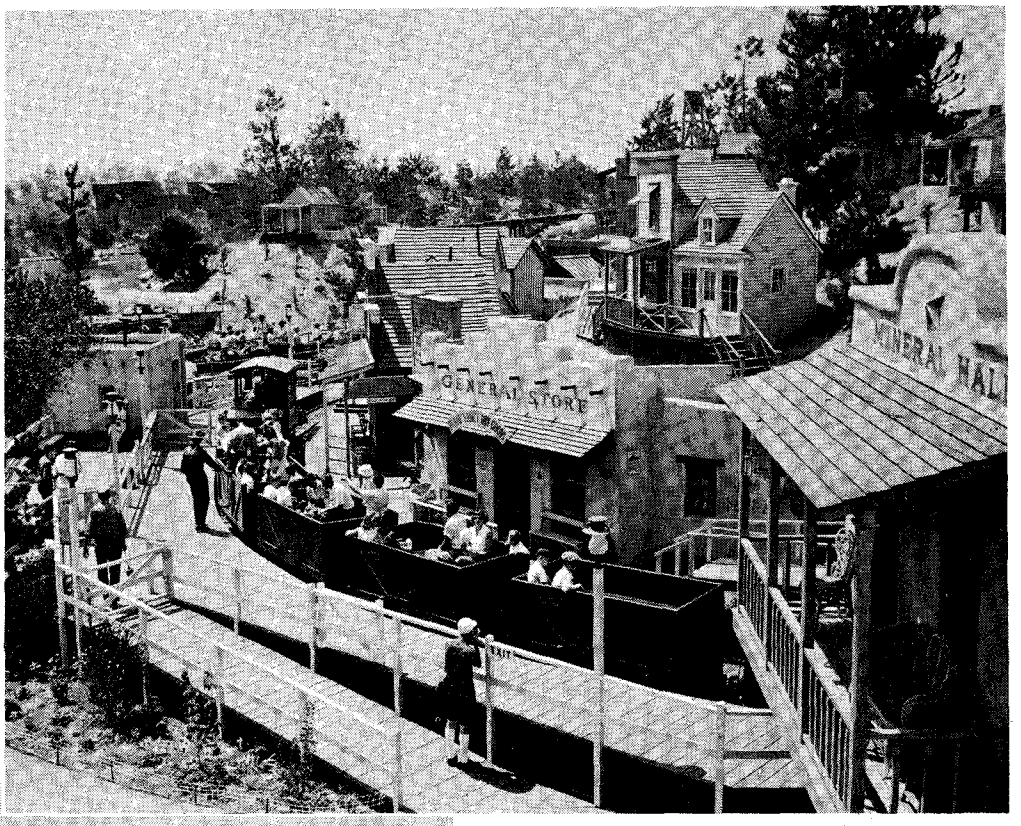
Up the stream a ways, we pass a crowd of people on Mike Fink's keelboat, the *Gullywhumper*. This is one of the river boats we used in the feature, "Davy Crockett and the River Pirates."

The Indian village is next, and you'll see a forest of tepees, built exactly as the redskins made them, plus a tribe of Indians. They're friendly, though, and will perform their tribal dances. They'll also help you paddle your own canoe, if you feel so inclined. Indian war canoes, bearing a score of paddles, skim around the Rivers of America.

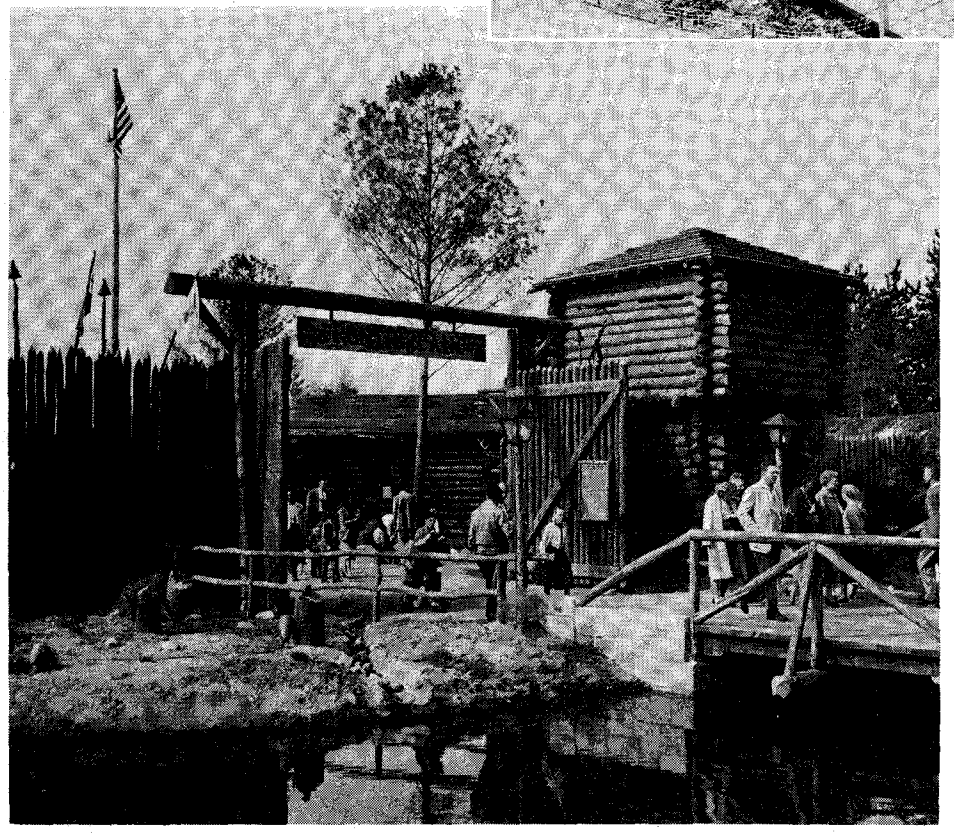
After the Indians comes the wilderness and you can see all manner of wild life if you're alert. Deer, mountain lions, elk and other animals actually move. They're life-like models created at the studio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Right: Leaving town, a powerful little engine hauls the Rainbow Mountain Mine Train through the Painted Desert before entering the mine. One of the most popular attractions at fabulous Disneyland, the mine reveals underground wonders in a thrilling variety of colors.



Below: Frontierland's log stockade entrance beckons the visitor to enter the world of the Old West and Davy Crockett.



We round the upper tip of Tom Sawyer Island and head downstream for the dock, perhaps waving to a crowded stagecoach on its way to the Painted Desert.

YOU'VE seen all of Frontierland, but there's one place you have to explore. That's Tom Sawyer Island.

There's only one way to get to the Island, and that's via a log raft. There are four of them, the Tom Sawyer, the Huck Finn, the Becky Thatcher and the Injun Joe.

Once you're on the island, the place is yours. You can explore it to your heart's content.

First, you might visit the Old Mill. It really works—a massive overshot wheel that is turned by a stream of water tumbling down a wooden flume.

If you feel like fishing, you can borrow one of Huck Finn's favorite poles and a can of worms. If you're lucky, you might catch a catfish or perch at Catfish Cove.

Nearby is Injun Joe's Cave, which harks back to the caves I used to explore in Hannibal. This cave is the real thing, too. You'll see stalactites and stalagmites, a labyrinth of passages, the names of Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher written in candle smoke, fossils in the walls and the burial place of Injun Joe's treasure. For an added thrill, we've added Injun Joe's mournful cry in the darkness and the ever-present moaning of the wind.

There's a suspension bridge over Smuggler's Cove which the kids love to rock to see if it will come down. It won't. And another attraction is Tom and Huck's Tree House, the highest landpoint in Disneyland. We like to tell the story that lightning struck the tree many years ago, causing three waterfalls to spring from its roots. The three falls pour in different directions, creating the headwaters of the Rivers of America.

On the isthmus of the island is a weird formation of rocks which kids of all ages seem to enjoy climbing on. There's a merry-go-round rock, a teeter-totter rock and a Castle Rock Ridge with a maze leading to the Dungeon of No Escape.

Onward we see Fort Wilderness with stockades and blockhouses like the regimental headquarters where Davy Crockett and George Russell reported to Maj. Gen. Andrew Jackson in the Cherokee Indian campaign of 1813. You can mount to the top of the stockade and peer down the island to the burning cabin of some poor pioneer who was attacked by the redskins.

There's a secret escape from Fort Wilderness, a dark, underground passageway that leads you to the bank of the river.

I'VE told you the extent of Frontierland today, but that isn't the end of the story. As with all of the park, I want to keep adding new features to Frontierland, new exhibits that will show today's youth the America of our great-grandparents' day—and before.

In this era, when space travel is talked of as almost here, we shouldn't lose sight of our glorious past.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE HECK YOU SAY,

Editor's Note:

We were well aware that we were sticking our chins out a mile when we published Dr. E. R. Harrington's controversial article "I'm Sick of Lost Mines!" in the November-December, 1957, True West, but—well, the prospect of the letters we were sure to receive in reply to the good Doc was too tempting to pass up. We sure weren't disappointed—in fact, our only regret is that we couldn't publish all the interesting letters that came snowing in. Here is a representative cross-section of the scores we received. If your letter is not included, it's simply that we plumb run out of space!

Dear Joe:

In reference to the article published in the December, 1957, issue of *True West*, "I'm *Sick* of Lost Mines!" by Dr. E. R. Harrington:

All my life, since I've been old enough to read, I have read articles, short stories and legends of lost mines and lost treasures. I have prospected for many. I, too, have been disgusted at times like Dr. Harrington—but I will keep on searching. I have been in Colorado for three years earning regular wages, and at the same time prospecting, claim staking, and following up leads to lost mines and old prospects. I have also several claims of my own and an interest in a mine at Silverton, Colorado.

There will always be tales of lost mines and buried treasures—and why not? The life of man is built on dreams and the ambition to fulfill these dreams. Otherwise, the great deeds of history, science and invention would never have happened. The search for gold, silver and other treasures helped establish the New World. Coronado looking for the Seven Cities of Cibola, Ponce de Leon hunting the fabled Fountain of Youth—even these failures helped in the grand scheme of things by proving to men that all that glitters is not gold. Hundreds of old mining towns were founded by men who had the guts, vision and fortitude to fulfill their dreams by exploring the vast mountain ranges and wild, lonely desert and plains. Without these rugged men to tame the frontier, build and help maintain communities and spark new dreams to fulfillment, we would have no West as it is today. Without dreams the ambitions of men would be lost; nobody would have the courage and desire to try to accomplish anything that looked the least bit difficult. Progress is always the fulfillment of man's dreams.

Dr. Harrington, subconsciously, is a true believer of these things. He may have been stung on a deal or two, as he seems well read on the promotion deals and fake maps. Then, again, he may just lack the fortitude and endurance to withstand the ups and downs of really hard work in the prospecting game. I don't know the doctor personally, so I can't say.

If Dr. Harrington has been stung by some smooth operator, he has a right to be dubious of maps and legends. However, I have found that nobody ever gets rich overnight—even with the richest of placer gold deposits. Hidden cost of even the smallest operations will throw the average person in the hole financially. With this first-hand knowledge, it is easy for me to understand why there are stories of lost mines and men who found them and then lost them again.

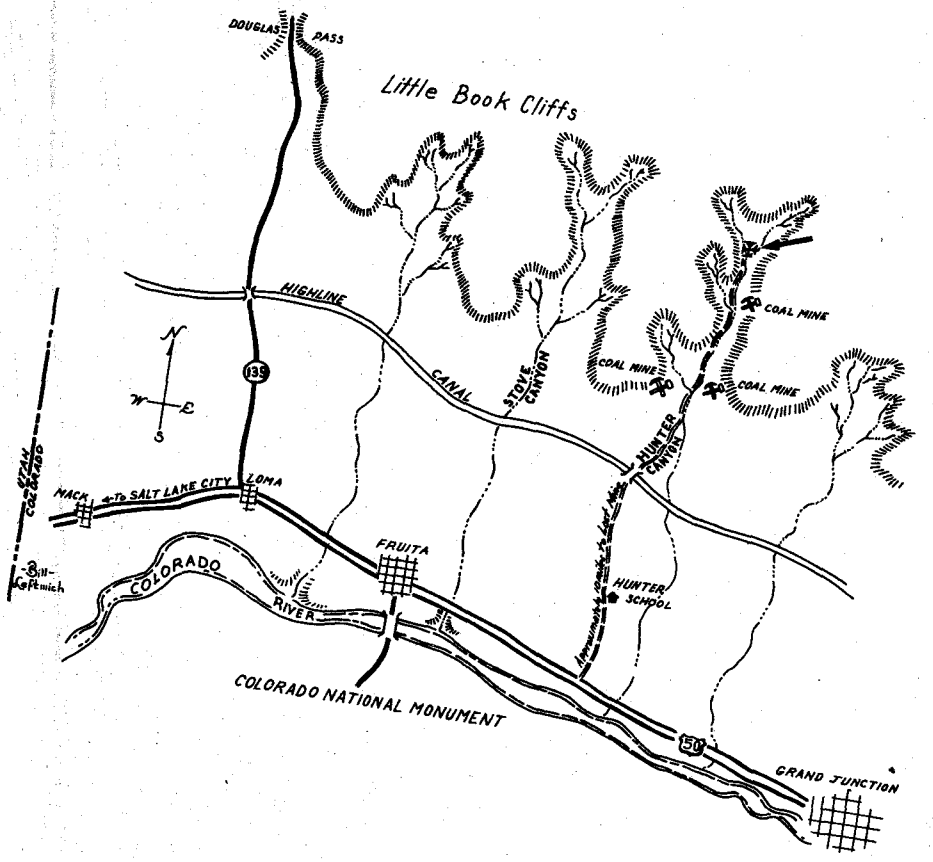
People who never tried to work a lost mine just don't understand this part of it. They say: "If *I* had found it, I would have worked until I *really* had enough cash to do the job right." To these skeptical folks, I say this. You are an average working man, you have $2,000 in the bank, more or less. You get a good lead and decide to follow it. You buy a jeep, prospecting equipment, everything in the way of mining tools, grub, medical supplies, and anything else you will use for a couple of months—and off you go! You are about to make your big strike—the strike that will set you on Easy Street for the rest of your life.

Amigos, it doesn't work out that way. Let me tell you why.

You get into the locality, set up home base to work from and begin following your leads. You have anywhere from two to six months, depending on the locality. Two months in the high mountains before snow; three months of winter in the desert valleys before the blazing summer sun makes it too hot for you to work.

Let's say you have a very true map, you had good luck and found, the old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



it off a ledge seven years before in a canyon northeast of Fruita. She and another party had been cutting Christmas trees when she found this outcrop. She broke off the sample to take home and put in her fish bowl, but—after looking it over real good—thought it might have some mineral in it that might kill her fish, so she stuck it up in her attic and forgot about it.

We told her of the result on the assay, and she said that she would take us in and show us where the rock came from. We left the following Sunday and went into the canyon as far as we could go by auto, then walked a couple of miles back in. We never reached the area; the morning was far spent and she had to be at work that afternoon. We set another date for the following week, but it snowed three days later and bad weather set in for the winter. Since then, the lady has suffered a stroke which has prevented her from going back.

I have searched a number of times for this copper, but to no avail. To any interested parties, the ore is of a primary deposit. Very rich on outcrop, it will run over $200 a ton. I believe it is chimney ore. The party with the lady when she found the outcrop, said that higher up where *he* climbed, the whole side of the mountain sparkled like a million fireflies. That makes me think that the ledge is an ore stringer from

Illustrated by Bill Leftwich

Dr. Harrington!"

mine the first week; an old Spanish mine supposed to be rich in gold and silver. After the many years the mine has been left untouched, you find that the timber, vent shafts and mine walls have been caved in. Or—if it is a shaft—you discover that water seepage has filled it with water, silt and trash.

Discouraging? You bet your sweet life it is! Here you are, a person that may be potentially rich with untold wealth, but you can't touch it without months of work. So you restake it, head for town and record it in the county seat. You leave your partner at the location with pick and shovel, drill steel and single jack, dynamite, etc. He will do what he can alone while you rustle up more supplies, rent or lease a compressor, jackhammer, get more dynamite, fuses, gas engine and water pump, blocks and tackles, maybe a windlass, mucker, and Lord knows what all! Now your precious bankroll is already invested and still no payable ore.

You return to location, and by now at least three weeks have been shot. You pump out seepage and trash, drill, shoot, muck and retimber; then again and again. When and if you get back to the point where the Spaniards left off in their operations, your time has flown. If you are in the mountains, the threat of snow will force you out before you get trapped in. If in the desert, the sun is high and terribly hot and where you used to be able to work eight or ten hours a day, your working hours now are limited to morning sessions. Progress slows and you have to move out until next season.

Here you are—you've spent your grubstake, savings and may be in debt a few thousand, to boot. Balanced against this you have only a hope that next season you'll get to ship ore—if the Spaniards left any!

No, fellow readers of *True West,* I'm not a pessimist—just a realist. I've spent quite a chunk of my own savings on a mine that is proven, but due to snow slides in winter and a short summer season, it takes two-thirds the available time each season just to get back to where we left off the previous season. Yes, there are a lot of mines that are very rich, but the little prospector of the old days pulled out just like the big mining companies of today because of these various problems.

Well, enough of this bull! Here's something you can *all* look for, complete with guaranteed map of the approximate location. This is not a promotional deal, but for free, not aged in manure. I'm throwing in a copy of an assay report I had made from a sample from this mine. You all steamed up now and rarin' to go? Okay, here's the lowdown:

It all began when my partner returned from Alaska and rented a room from a lady at Fruita, Colorado. One day Jack (my partner) was rewiring the attic and found there a heavy rock. Being an inquisitive cuss, he brought it in and showed it to me. We had an assay run on it and were astounded at the results. Jack's landlady said she had knocked the main chimney. If so, it could run into a million dollar ore body. Copper certainly, since we have the sample; silver also.

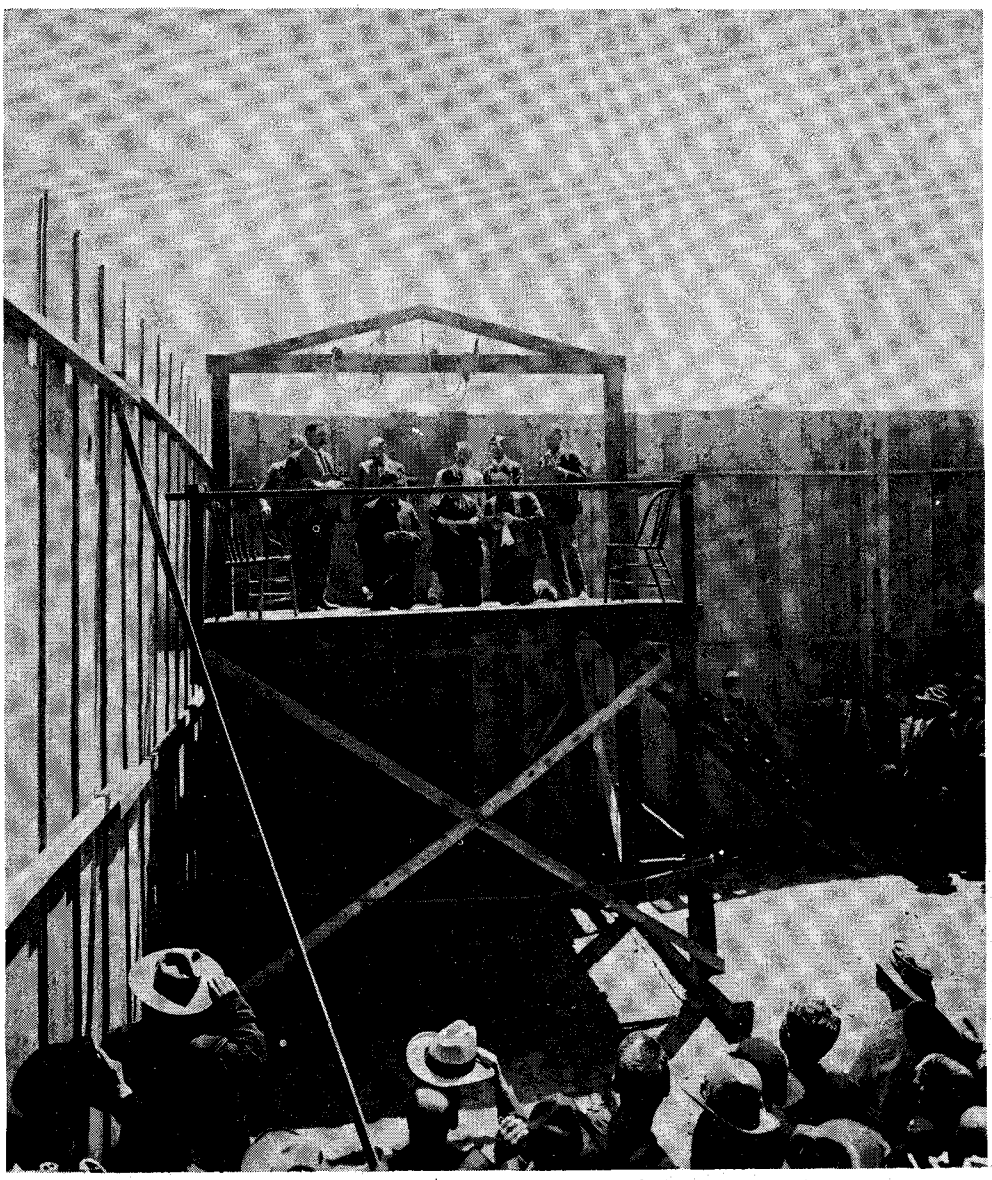
Here are the clues to look for: The lady and her friend went up the canyon with a mule early one morning and got out after dark on a short day in December. They reached an area where evergreen trees were plentiful on the right side of the canyon, then went up a hill to the edge of the rim where she found the outcrop. From this point she could see two small valleys of evergreen pines and spruce trees. The ore is calcopyrite and silver in sugar quartz. It will be in a contact zone with igneous and sedimentary formation, and should show stains of malacite and azurite. That's about it; the rest is up to you. As for myself, I shall continue to look for the ore whenever I have a chance. I have seen a good many samples of ore, but this is about the best copper I've seen. The ore looks like iron pyrites with a gold luster.

To the good Dr. Harrington: If you think the tales of lost lodes and treasures are bunk, just come to Colorado. I will not only show you a likely locality for a rich strike within a radius of two miles or less, but I will accompany you and show you what I have prospected. Maybe with your luck we'll both be rich!

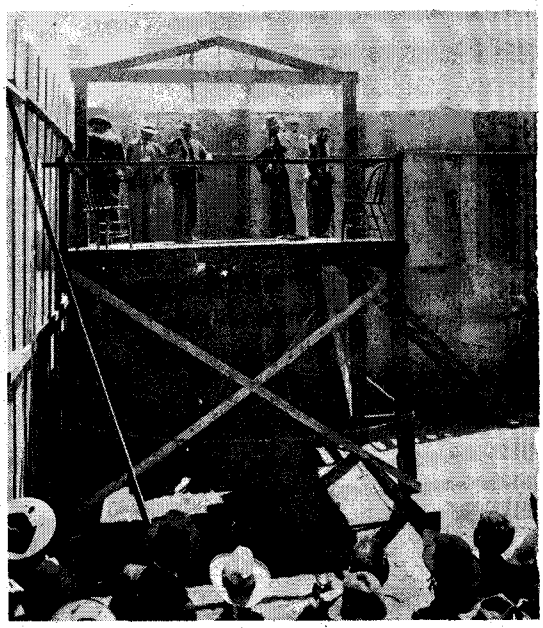
Now, Joe, with your permission and the kind indulgence of your readers, I would like to add a brief personal note. I haven't struck it rich myself, except

(Continued on page 42)

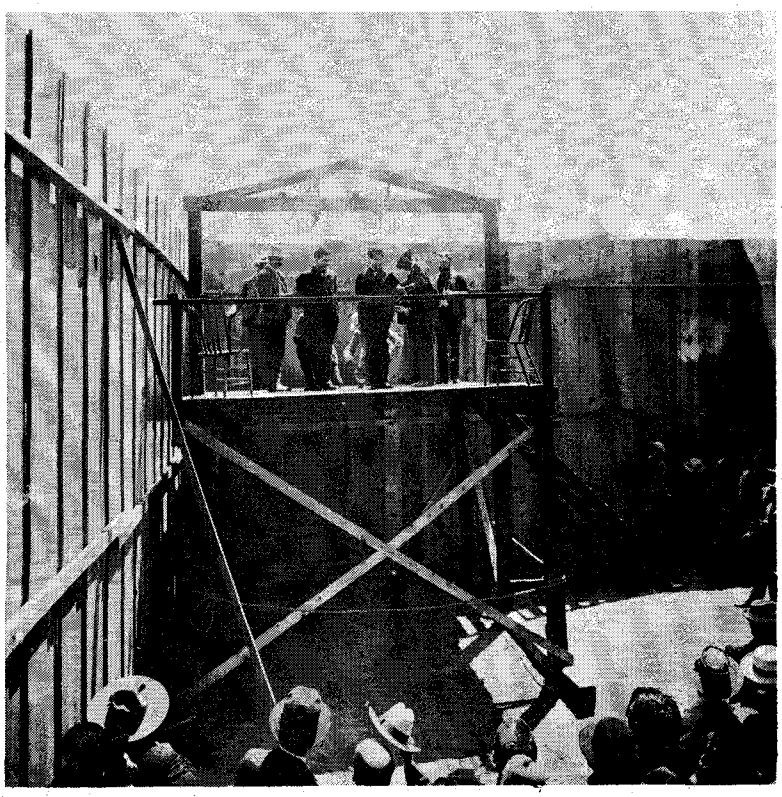
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It was the last legal hanging in this state," writes this famous author



Above: The Padre prays for the murderers. Below: The hangmen make ready.



THE MURDER

THE January page was torn from the new calendar that hung in the little store at Goddard's Station at Stanton, Arizona, and the day of February 1, 1903, started out like any other day. It was only after the sun had gone down and dusk was thickening that the black printed date was destined to be stained the crimson red of fresh blood spilling from gunshot wounds.

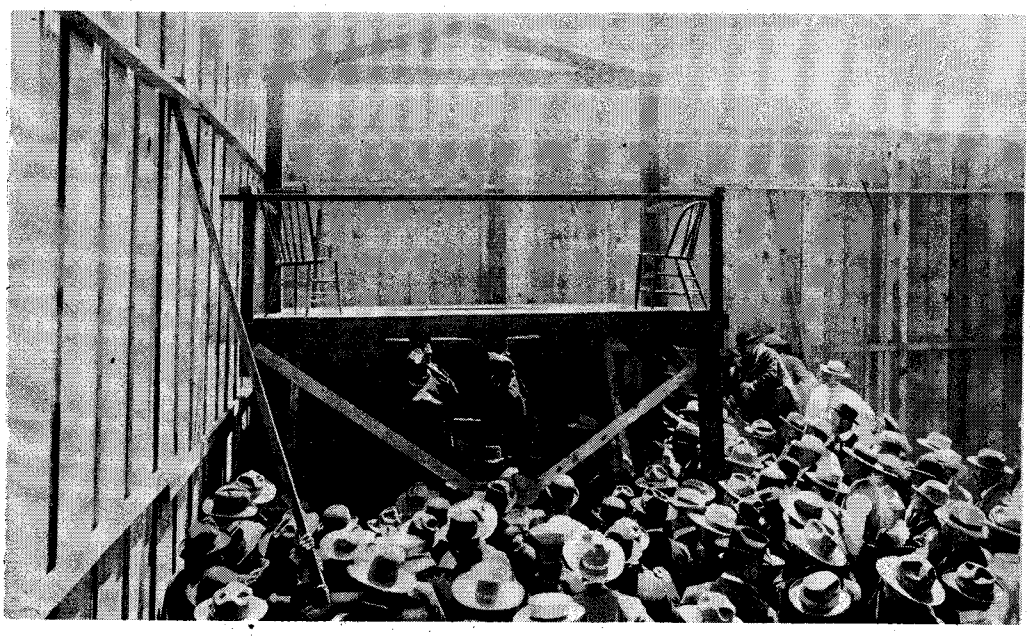
It was sheepshearing time and Charlie Goddard and his brother Frank had finished putting into operation their patented steam sheepshearing machine plant that consisted of fourteen clippers, each machine having a capacity for shearing between 200 and 300 sheep per day. Word had gone out to the sheep country around Congress Junction that the shearing plant at Goddard's Station was ready, and already several bands of sheep were being moved in that direction.

The Goddards had sheared more than 200,000 head of sheep the year before and expected to do better this year. When they finished here they would move the plant to the northern part of the state.

Certainly there was no indication of disaster as they all sat down at the long supper table: Charlie Goddard and his wife, his brother Frank, Frank Cocke and his wife and Milton Turnbull. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Last Hanging In Arizona



BY WALT COBURN

Photos from the Author

At far left: The trap is sprung. Shown on scaffold, reading from left to right: man with back turned, not identified, Deputy Sheriff Nobles, Sheriff Joe Roberts, George Heisler, Deputy Sheriff Jeff Davis, Cook, and Father Quetu. Left: The murderers swing at the end of their ropes; the execution is over.

day's work was done and the hungry men's thoughts were on the platters of food prepared by the two women. It was six o'clock and already dark outside, and the mellow light from the lamp on the oilcloth covered table revealed as peaceful a setting as you'd find anywhere.

They were almost finished eating when the side door opened and two Mexicans came in, hats slanted across their eyes. One of them walked towards Charlie Goddard at the head of the table, the other staying near the door.

Charlie Goddard turned in his chair and spoke to the Mexican in his own language. He had recognized the man by the scar on his face that showed through a stubble of black whiskers, remembering in those split-seconds how the Mexican had gotten the scar.

Charlie Goddard now recalled the fight between this Mexican, Francisco Rentezia, and a Mexican, sheepshearer named Monte. During the fight Rentezia tried to kill Monte with a pair of sheep shears, and Goddard had stepped in and hit Rentezia alongside the face with his six-shooter, ending the fight. Rentezia fell to the ground, blood spilling from a long open gash in his cheek.

Charlie Goddard remembered the forgotten threat Rentezia had made after the fight: "I'll kill you for this, *gringo cabron!*"

Knowing how a Mexican could nurse a grudge along, Goddard kicked back his chair and was up on his feet, just as Rentezia jerked his six-shooter and fired, the bullet striking Goddard.

"My God, I'm shot!" Goddard cried as he went down.

As Frank Cocke jumped to his feet, the other Mexican fired. The bullet passed through Cocke's head, killing him instantly.

Mrs. Goddard ran out the door. "I'll get the rifle," she called out as she went into the store.

Somebody put the light out, and there in the darkness that was filled with the pungent stench of burned gunpowder, the only guns were in the hands of the murderers.

Through the reverberating gun echoes that still deafened the ears of the survivors, came the stifled groaning of Charlie Goddard who lay doubled up striving to check the flow of blood that was ebbing his life out, both hands pressed against his blood-sodden shirt.

Then the sibilant hissing of the two Mexicans, talking together, their murder chores only partly done, for there was no doubt in the minds of Frank Goddard and Milton Turnbull that the gun-crazed Mexicans had it made to murder them all.

While the two unarmed men and the woman crouched behind the table, waiting for the gun blast that would mean death, Francisco Rentezia hissed in the dark, *"Andale,* Hilario! Let's go! The woman's gone for the rifle." A note of fear crept into his voice and the two killers left without firing another shot.

FRANCISCO RENTEZIA had avenged his wrong, paid off his two years' threat of vengeance. Paid it off with compound interest when his partner had murdered Frank Cocke. But they were loathe to take their departure until they had accomplished the second part of their murderous mission, which was robbery.

Rumor had it that Charlie Goddard had cashed several big checks at Phoenix the Saturday before, and had brought a lot of cash money back to Goddard's Station to pay his sheepshearers.

The money was somewhere in the house. It was more than they could earn together the rest of their lives, and it was no more than a long hard horseback ride to the Mexican border where they'd be safe from the law.

Each had killed a man, and they had no scruples concerning the taking of more human lives. Leave nobody alive to tell the tale or identify them, was what they had in mind.

Perhaps Francisco Rentezia had used the big money talk as a selling point when he had talked his *amigo* Hilario Hidalgo into the murder job. For Hidal-

(Continued on page 36)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NELSON LEE bought the watch in a shop in New Orleans where he was buying supplies for the trail drive to San Francisco. It was a big silver timepiece, with an alarm that rang loud and long. Lee figured the big "turnip" might come in handy on the drive, but little did he realize that this watch would save him from a horrible death at the hands of the savage Comanche Indians.

The year was 1855, just six years after the big California gold strike, and the rush to the gold fields continued. So when William Aikens suggested driving a herd of mules from Texas to San Francisco and told Lee of the fabulous profit the herd would bring there, Lee said, "Let's go!"

Lee, Aikens and twenty-five others started out from Matamoros, Mexico, with a small herd of horses and mules and headed northwest. They moved onward at a leisurely pace, buying additional stock as they traveled. They loafed along, rising each morning as Lee's alarm watch sounded off at 3:30, then pushed the herd forward until noon. They camped at noon and let the herd graze until they moved onward the next morning. The men divided the chore of patrolling the herd at night, for they were in Indian country and the wild-riding Comanches valued horses and mules highly.

On March 31, 1855, they camped 350 miles northwest of Eagle Pass, Texas, in a little valley that was abundant with wild game. A trout-filled stream flowed rapidly by the campsite. They had selected their camp with care, for they would remain here while the fat mares gave birth to colts during the spring foaling season.

Lee patrolled the herd until midnight on April 2, and when his relief came, he rode back into camp and spread out his bed. He wound his big watch, set the alarm for 3:30, laid it under his coat that he was using for a pillow, and wrapped up in his buffalo robe and Mexican blanket bed. He was soon asleep.

A terrifying scream startled Lee from his sleep, and as he leaped from his bed, he saw a band of Indians racing wildly through the camp, swinging tomahawks that gleamed with blood in the light of the flickering campfire. A noose tightened around Lee's neck and jerked him to the ground. Four Comanches pounced on him and bound his hands and feet with buffalo thongs.

The fight didn't last long. Lee and three others were all that survived. Aikens, Thomas Martin and John Stewart were lassoed and bound like Lee. Twenty-three of their companions lay dead.

A Comanche warrior picked up Lee's bedding and the big watch fell to the ground. The Indian picked it up and showed it to the other warriors. They jabbered excitedly and pointed to Lee. Then the minute hand of the watch reached 3:30; the alarm sounded and blasted the still night air. The Comanche with the watch stood paralyzed, holding the watch at arm's length, with his face twisted in a ludicrous expression of utter astonishment. The alarm rang for two minutes, and when it ran down, the Comanches gazed awe-struck at the watch. Then they gestured reverently at the sky and motioned for Lee to make it ring again.

Lee knew the Indians considered the sun as God, so he rapidly decided that if he could make them believe the watch was associated with the sun and that he was the Spirit of the Watch, he might stand a better chance for survival. The Indians untied Lee's hands, and he set the alarm and made solemn gestures toward the sky. The alarm rang and the Indians listened in awe. He repeated his performance many times until dawn came.

The Comanches started plundering the camp and scalping the dead when the sun rose. Lee looked at the camp and what he saw sickened him. Bloody, mutilated bodies lay everywhere. Some had hands and arms hacked off; some were disemboweled; some had their tongues drawn out and sharp sticks thrust through them. Lee looked at the gory scene and wondered, "Will this happen to me?" But Lee contemplated his fate without fear for he had faced death many times in his years as a Texas Ranger on the trail of Indians and Mexican bandits.

Lee left his native New York in 1831, when he was twenty-four years old, and volunteered for the Black Hawk War. Afterwards, he enlisted in the United States Navy and spent seven years aboard a warship in South American waters. Tales of Texas caught his fancy so in 1839, he came to Texas and enlisted in the Texas Navy. After one year he quit the sea for good and enlisted in the Texas Rangers. He took part in the ill-fated Mier Expedition, in the Santa Fe Expedition, and fought in the Battle of Monterrey in the Mexican War. Lee then returned to Seguin, Texas, and began trapping, breaking, and peddling wild horses. He continued his horse peddling business until the San Francisco drive.

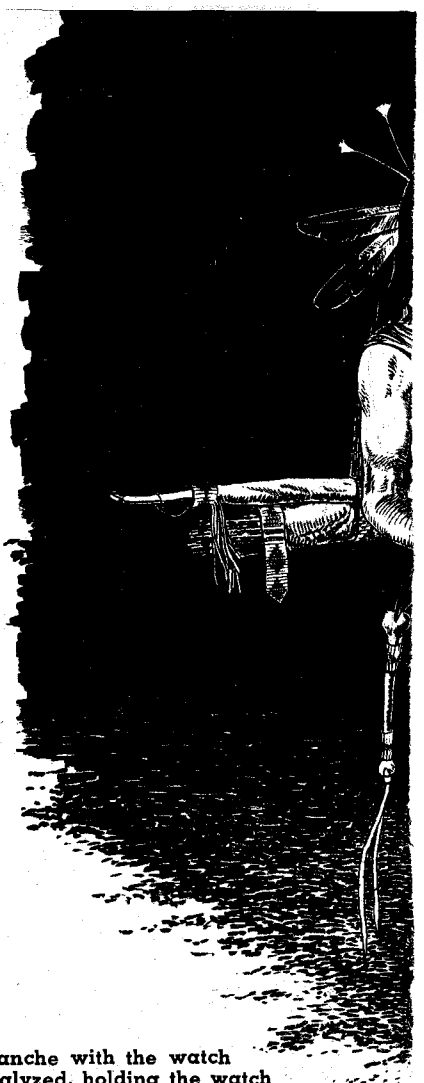
WHEN THE Comanches finished plundering the camp, they dressed their captives in the Comanche uniform of buckskin shirt, leggings, and moccasins. They placed their captives on mules and tied their feet together under the animals' stomachs. They blindfolded the captives, bound their hands, and set out for the Comanche village.

The mules were allowed to roam free, following a bell mare. Time after time, the mules would wander under trees and the low-hanging limbs would batter the blindfolded captives unmercifully. Each time this happened, the Comanches would laugh in fiendish glee.

When night came, the Comanches made camp and fried their supper of horse meat over a campfire. After they had gorged to capacity, the Indians threw flaming-hot hunks of meat on their captives' uncovered thighs, burning them horribly, while the Indians whooped and danced.

The ordeal of battering and burning continued for four days. Then they reached the Comanche village. Lee was led away from his fellow captives and taken to the chief's tent, where the warriors told the chief about Lee's wonderful watch. Lee solemnly performed the Ceremony of the Watch for Chief Big Wolf, greatly impressing him. Lee spent most of the night ringing the watch alarm for Big Wolf and slept that night in the chief's tent.

The next day, Lee was led to the edge of the village where Stewart, Martin, and Aikens were lashed to poles. Lee was bound to the pole next to Aikens, directly opposite from Martin and Stewart. The Indians formed a circle around Martin and Stewart; two braves leaped forward and scalped them and then the Comanches danced around the two men. Each time a Comanche would



The Comanche with the watch stood paralyzed, holding the watch at arm's length, with his face twisted in ludicrous expression of utter astonishment.

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

pass by the captives, he would slash them with an arrow point. For two hours the savage ritual continued. Stewart's and Martin's bodies were covered with bloody, painful gashes. Stewart tearfully prayed to God to deliver him from his pain. Martin groaned in agony. After two hours, the savages rushed the suffering captives and buried a dozen tomahawks in their heads.

Lee and Aikens were spared from torture. After the gruesome spectacle ended, they were led back to the village.

The torture of Stewart and Martin sickened Lee and for several days he refused to carry out the watch ritual. He refused to obey orders and fought his captors at every opportunity. Then one day Aikens was led into the chief's tent, where Lee was kept permanently. When Lee told him of his actions, Aikens, who was well-acquainted with Comanche customs, advised Lee to obey his captors' wishes and, above all, perform the Ceremony of the Watch upon demand. He believed Lee would probably be spared as long as the alarm continued to function. Lee agreed and promised to be more cordial with his captors. The Comanches returned and led Aikens away. Lee never saw him again. He never discovered what fate befell his partner in the ill-fated San Francisco Drive.

Lee performed the Ceremony of the Watch on demand and soon became Big Wolf's personal servant. Lee was treat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed reasonably well and given more liberties, but he had no opportunities for escape.

THEN another Comanche chief, the surly Spotted Leopard, visited the camp and witnessed the ritual of the watch. He was impressed. Big Wolf and Spotted Leopard got together and when their conference ended, Spotted Leopard had purchased Lee—and his watch—for the fabulous sum of 120 horses and three horse-loads of skins.

Life in Spotted Leopard's village was anything but pleasant for Lee. Spotted Leopard and his braves beat him constantly. But the chief's youngest wife, Kianceta (The Weasel), befriended Lee, protected him from abuse, fed him when he was hungry, and nursed him when he was sick.

Lee had now been a Comanche captive for more than a year and it was evident that as long as the watch alarm would ring, he would live. But Lee decided to attempt to escape. He gathered together a bag of food and hid it in a log near the edge of the village. That night he crept out of the tent, picked up the food, and headed for a wooded ravine outside the village. He was almost out of the village when a big cur dog stood growling in his path. Lee froze with fear. In an instant, every dog in the village was barking and howling. Lee was soon encircled by the snapping, snarling creatures. Comanches sleepily shouted from their tents to quiet the dogs. Lee turned and walked back to his tent. He had failed.

Then Lee tried again. He was allowed to walk about the village freely but wasn't permitted to leave it. Each day he would walk closer to the edge of the settlement and at first the Indians would force him to go back. Then they quit noticing his walks. One afternoon at dusk, Lee sauntered out of the village toward the safety of the ravine. Three braves stepped out of the bushes and stopped him. Lee pretended to select a forked limb from one of the bushes so the Indians would think he was only cutting a stick to cook the chief's horse meat on. It didn't work.

They escorted him back to Spotted Leopard's tent, where they told the chief their story. That night Lee was bound hand and foot. The next morning Spotted Leopard came in, untied Lee's feet, took his knife, and slashed a tendon below Lee's right knee. He was going to cripple Lee so that he would never escape! For ten days, Spotted Leopard worked on Lee's leg, breaking the wound open each day. Lee was permanently lamed when the crude operation was completed, but he could still walk.

A FEW MONTHS later, another Comanche chief visited Spotted Leopard's camp. Rolling Thunder was a very pious Indian—he'd rather pray to the Sun God than hunt buffalo—and was greatly impressed by the watch. Rolling Thunder and Spotted Leopard conferred and Lee and his watch changed hands again.

(Continued on page 45)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Above: For over fifty years this photo was purported to be that of Rose of the Cimarron. Right: The author, Mrs. Zoe A. Tilghman.

I Knew Rose of the Cimarron

BY ZOE A. TILGHMAN

Over the years, many stories have been told of the mysterious, romantic "Rose of the Cimarron." Most of them have been sheer fiction. Here is a story by a lady who *knew* Rose

PAGES of speculation, misstatements and wild guesses have been printed about Rose of the Cimarron. Many writers claim that their stories about Rose are absolute fact, although they never saw her. I *knew* her. Moreover, it was through my husband, law officer William M. (Bill) Tilghman, that her name and fame was established firmly in Western Americana. I can explain how that came about, and who and what she really was.

In the early 1890's, the Doolin gang of outlaws flourished in Oklahoma Territory. They ranged also in the adjoining Indian Territory, both Territories later being joined to form the State of Oklahoma. The operations of the Doolin gang extended into all the neighboring states, for the boys were keenly interested in places where money could be obtained at the point of a six-gun: banks, express offices, etc. Shrewdly, they let the ordinary citizen alone—unless he happened to own a good horse. In that case, Mr. Ordinary Citizen might find his horse missing some morning.

Local sheriffs seldom could pursue the Doolin gang, but the United States marshals kept active in the hunt for the outlaws. In time, rewards were offered for the members of the outfit, either by name when a certain crime could be pinned on a man, or by general warrants. Such rewards were usually $250 to $500, offered by banks and railroads as well as from the rather limited funds of the governor. However, the total rewards averaged about $1,000 per man, and for Bill Doolin, the leader, $5,000. None of these were "dead or alive" offers.

The outlaws were not wanton killers, except for the man known as Red Buck. The other gang members disliked and distrusted Buck on account of his itchy trigger finger. But all would shoot if a job went wrong and it became necessary to blast their way out, or if the marshals succeeded in coming upon them. In this manner, several killings were charged to the gang.

Most of the outlaws were ex-cowboys. They could ride and shoot, and knew the country thoroughly. They dared not go into the larger towns, so the little town of Ingalls became their rendezvous. Ingalls was ideally situated to be the headquarters of an outlaw gang, being forty-five miles from a railroad and only a few miles from the Indian Territory line. Oklahoma officers could not follow a fugitive across the line for purpose of arrest, except by calling upon some law officer in Indian Territory. By the time this was arranged, of course, the quarry was beyond reach.

Many of the citizens of Ingalls were friendly to the outlaws, and the others diplomatically neutral. Members of the gang were always on their best behavior in town and paid their way at the hotel and livery stable. They drank and gambled at the two saloons, but never staged drunken orgies or wild shooting exhibitions. In Ingalls, they were intent only on peaceful relaxation. There was no dancehall in town, but the outlaws often attended the country dances held in the homes of the settlers. The boys never made long stays at Ingalls; it was only one of their rendezvous. Actually, they had several hideouts which were more secure from the marshals than Ingalls.

AMONG these refuges were the homes of the Dunn boys: John, Bee, George, Dal and Dick, brothers, and Bill Dunn, a cousin. John, the eldest, and Dick, the youngest, were not connected with the outlaws. Bee Dunn had a farm, a 160 acre homestead, about two and a half miles southeast of Ingalls. He had a frame house and other improvements, which rumor said he had been enabled to build by money obtained from the outlaws. His first house, however, was a good-sized log cabin. Not far from it, was a dugout which, instead of the usual earth and log buildup for the front part, had a strong rock wall. This dugout was called the Rock Fort. The gang used it as a lodging-house when they came that way.

George, Dal and Bill Dunn lived over east in the Pawnee country. This was the old Pawnee reservation, opened for settlement at the same time as the Cherokee Strip in 1893. The Ingalls area was opened in 1889. Here, by 1893, every quarter-section had its family. In the Pawnee country, however, all the Indians were given allotments of 160 acres each, and the remainder was then open to white settlement. Few of the Indians lived on their allotments, preferring to live at their village near the Agency. Hence, a great deal of the land was still in its original wild state. There

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were hills and timber, rough country extending down to the Cimarron River. It was perfect country for the outlaws to hide in or in which to elude pursuit.

Rose (or Rosa) Dunn was a sister of Bee and the other Dunn boys. Her father was dead and her mother had married a Doctor Call, who lived at Ingalls. Rose lived with her mother, but spent much time at her brothers' homes.

My father had bought a farm adjoining the town site of Ingalls in 1896, and we heard of Rose as a local celebrity. I first met her at a schoolhouse supper and entertainment, which she attended with Mrs. Bee Dunn. Rose had dark hair and eyes, good complexion and a good figure. She was poised and well-mannered, attributes she had learned by a year or two at a convent school. Her family was not Roman Catholic, but at that time the few convents in the area were the only available places of learning for a girl who wanted a better education than that provided by the country district schools.

Later I learned other particulars which caused the local people to regard Rose Dunn as a personage. While living at her brothers' homes she had, of course, met the members of the Doolin gang. She had helped her sisters-in-law cook for them and make them welcome. Soon George Newcomb, known as Bitter Creek, was taking her to dances and became known as her regular cavalier. He was handsome and dashing enough to please any girl.

There was no hint of misconduct. The outlaws generally respected women and, furthermore, any affront to the girl would have cost them their valuable refuge privileges with the Dunns. Ingalls was a gossipy place and Rose's name was often coupled with that of Bitter Creek, but I never heard a single aspersion on her character.

THEN came the Battle of Ingalls. On September 1, 1893, the gang members were taking their ease in a saloon. Most of them had left their rifles at the hotel, and carried only six-shooters. They felt secure, among friends. It is not true, as has often been written, that they kept lookouts posted along the road to look for marshals.

A boy hurried into the saloon with the startling message that a large party of marshals was in town, already posted in good positions, and calling upon the outlaws to surrender. This was a stunning surprise, and Bill Doolin, the leader, at first refused to believe it. Confirmation was not long in arriving. Bitter Creek had just left the saloon and was riding up the street. The boom of gunfire quickly convinced Doolin that the message was no fake. Bitter Creek was shot from his horse and lay in the street. His comrades came out of the saloon shooting.

A hot gunfight followed. The gang fought their way to the livery stable where their horses were stalled. Two marshals were killed in the exchange of shots.

Rose was in the hotel visiting with Mrs. Pierce, the landlady. She seized Bitter Creek's rifle and belt of cartridges and ran to where he lay in the street, through the flying bullets. He was too badly hurt to use the gun, and Rose knelt protectingly by him as one of the outlaws ran from the livery stable leading his horse. Rose held the horse while the outlaw lifted Bitter Creek to the saddle. All three got back to the stable. Bitter Creek rode with the others out the back door. The outlaws made their escape after killing another of the marshals who pursued them.

This, in brief, is the story of Rose's daring feat. Various accounts differ according to the narrator, but the above is substantially correct.

Bitter Creek was badly wounded. Finding that there was no further pursuit, his comrades stopped and rigged up a horse litter to carry him. They reached a rendezvous across the line and holed up there. One man rode for a doctor. Later, Rose, accompanied by Bill Doolin's wife, went to nurse Bitter Creek back to health.

Two years later, Bitter Creek and Charlie Pierce, another member of the gang, were shot to death at the home of one of the Dunns. These enterprising gentlemen hauled the bodies to Guthrie, hoping to collect the rewards. Money had proved too strong a temptation for the loyalty of the one-time friends.

In recent years, one or two persons who were small children at the time of the Ingalls gunfight have declared that the story of Rose taking the rifle out to the wounded Bitter Creek was not true. The weight of evidence, however, substantiates the story. I heard it myself during the time I lived there. My husband, who had the full accounts of the fight from the surviving marshals on their return to Guthrie, was convinced of it. So also was Chris Madsen, who was a rigidly truthful man.

I WAS away at the University much of the time in those years, but I saw Rose occasionally. We never visited, but were on speaking terms. The last time I saw her was at her mother's funeral. After that, she came to Ingalls only for brief visits.

It is believed that Bitter Creek gave her the name Rose of the Cimarron. It was not generally known to the Ingalls people, who always spoke of her as Rose Dunn. She was an excellent horsewoman, riding a sidesaddle as a lady should. The marshals said that she often carried messages for her outlaw friends. But she never went on any "jobs" with them, and she was never arrested or charged with any legal offense.

Her fame was established at a later time. In 1914-15 when E. D. Nix, William Tilghman and Chris Madsen were making a motion picture called *The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws,* showing the real history of those events, they utilized the incident of Rose taking the gun to Bitter Creek. Because Rose was then living, married, and had always been of good reputation, they did not wish to cause her embarrassment. Therefore, in the film, they used the name Rose of the Cimarron. The picture was quite successful, and was shown all over the United States.

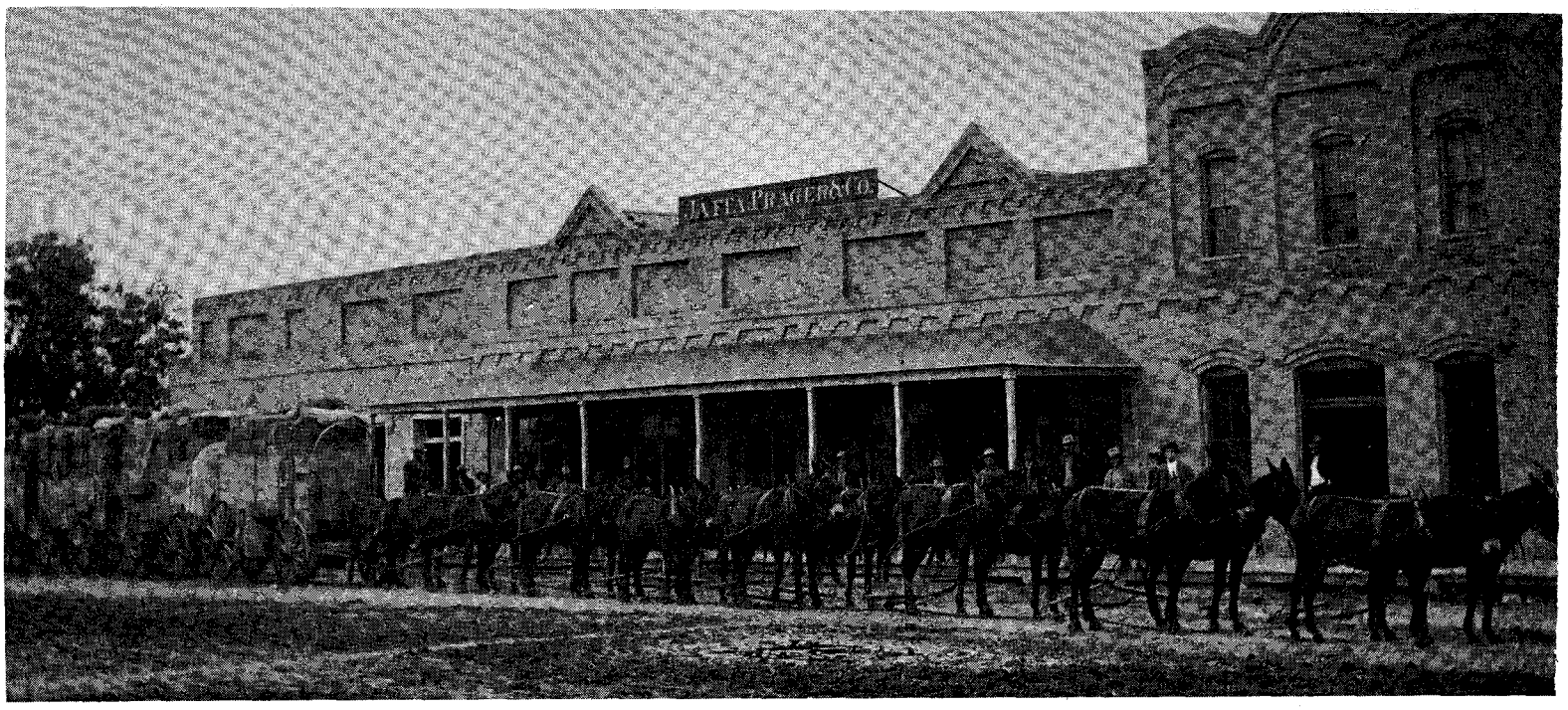
From that movie sprung the mystery and the legend of Rose of the Cimarron. From time to time, letters or stories appeared, written by persons who claimed to know her. Invariably these persons identified some other woman. Often she was confused with Cattle Annie or Little Breeches, two farm girls from near Pawnee, who became followers and aides of the Doolin gang. They were

(Continued on page 44)

Left: Bill Doolin, leader of the Doolin gang. Above left: George Waitman, alias Red Buck, feared member of the Doolin gang. Above right: George Newcomb, alias Bitter Creek, sweetheart of Rose. Right: Bill Tilghman, famed law officer and husband of the author.

Photos from Frontier Pix

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



J. H. Morgan's freighting outfit, taken November 1, 1892, in Roswell, New Mexico. Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico.

UNSUNG HERO OF THE OVERLAND TRAIL WAS THE

JERK LINE JOCKEY

BY MARK TREY

AMONG all the spectacular, colorful and interesting characters of the Old West, one stood out from all the rest—the jerk line jockey. He was something of a mysterious figure, little understood except by his companions of the trail. That fact probably accounts for him being neglected by authors, journalists, chroniclers and historians.

The old long-line skinner who drove twenty head strung out on three wagons over all the old wagon trails, hauling supplies to pioneer settlements, Army posts and trading posts, richly deserves his place in the authentic history of the Old West. Right here is where he is going to get it.

The reasons why his story has never been told before are many. First, he was not capable of recording the whole story himself and would not have done so if he could, because he seldom talked about his experiences except with his fellow skinners. Secondly, the few men of those days and places who could have recorded it never got close enough to these clannish old-timers to learn it. Last and most significant of all, no writer could accurately and fully describe the equipment, composition and operations of a twenty head freight outfit unless he had actually served an apprenticeship under and with the old skinners themselves. This was done by the author nearly forty years ago under tutors who were at that time seventy and eighty years old.

All these men in their youth had actually hauled supplies over all the old wagon trails into Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Oregon and California.

So this is the story of a Man among Men of the Old West—a man fit to stand beside the Pony Express rider, the stagecoach driver, the scout and trailblazer, the Indian fighter and all the rest of our frontier heroes. This man possessed every skill and talent that any of them had, plus plenty that they didn't have. It takes a real man to handle just one horse and do it right, as many a bronc-twister can attest. It takes a better man to handle two, four, six or eight head. This man personally picked, broke, trained, matched, welded together into an efficient unit and drove *twenty* head strung out in ten spans.

The complete outfit, including the three wagons, was almost as long as a city block, and the skinner handled the whole shebang with a single jerk line ahead of him and a brake rope from behind. The expert manipulation of a well-trained jerk line team in a tough spot, either in the cramped quarters of a town or out in the desert, plains or mountains, was a sight far more thrilling than any circus performance or rodeo trick ever staged.

The arrival and departure of long freight teams in the railroad towns or river towns where the outfits loaded up aroused great interest among the townsfolk.

NOW we'll assume that our skinner is all loaded up and his rigging all strung out for the trip ahead, his wagons all covered with tarpaulins securely lashed down to protect the cargo from rain, snow and dust. While our skinner is getting ready to roll, let us review the outfit itself in its entirety and the process of hitching up and taking off on the journey.

The ten spans were strung out astride a long draw chain, to which their eveners or "stretchers" were attached. The halter ropes of all the intermediate spans—that is, all except the two rear spans—were attached to the stretchers of the preceding span, and were adjusted at a length which compelled the entire team to tighten up, or allowed them to slack up, as one unit.

Among the ten spans there were three "key spans"—leaders, pointers or swing span, and the wheelers in the extreme rear on the wagon tongue of the lead wagon. These three key spans were so highly trained that their efficiency, intelligence and immediate response to commands often spelled the difference between safety and disaster for the whole outfit.

The leaders were not only the guides and interpreters for the entire outfit; they also carried arches of melodious bells upon their hames which could talk, shout, scream, sing or whisper in tones and idioms clearly understood by the whole twenty head under all conditions and circumstances.

The bells whispered upon the tightening-up and taking-off process; they sang along the way to relieve the monotony of strain and stress and inclement weather on both man and beast. The bells could scream for help and sound alarm like a fire siren in emergencies, but their best function was in "talking"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the rest of the team and to the teamster in tones that were just as important to all concerned as the harness and rigging, the wheels and brakes and the outfit as a whole.

The bells were as soothing, comforting and inspiring as church bells to a congregation, and—upon occasion—as instructive and disciplinary as school-bells in the old-fashioned country schoolhouse. They were as distinctive in their varied tones as the sleighbells carried in the old days by a trotter or a pacer—the trotter jangled his bells, while the pacer "rolled" them from side to side. Horsemen could tell the difference before the cutter came into view down a snowy country road.

OBVIOUSLY, a twenty-head team could not be driven or controlled in the conventional manner with double leather reins or check-lines as in the case of two, four, six or eight head. Neither was it practical, convenient or safe for the driver to ride upon a high and inaccessible wagon seat. The long-line skinner rode in a saddle upon the back of the big husky wheel horse hitched to the left (near) side of the wagon tongue. At this strategic point he was not only centrally located in the outfit, but close to the ground where he could quickly mount or dismount with a single step and gain access to any part of the team or train.

From behind him, along the left side of the wagon bodies and attached to the brake levers of all three wagons, was a long stout rope with which he could either set the brakes of the entire train in wrought iron notches—or rachets—at the desired tension, or release them with a quick and systematic jerk upon the rope. This disengaged the levers from the rachets and allowed them to fly back with a loud bang in the heavy metal slides which retained them.

This loud bang of the heavy metal brake levers was extremely important because it conveyed a message to the entire team. Every span and each individual in the team soon learned that this loud bang of the brake levers preceded by a split-second the final command of execution which meant "Take Off!"

The whole team—except the two rear spans (pointers and wheelers) controlled mainly by voice—was driven with one long line known as a "jerk line." This line was a light but strong hard-twisted rope, with a minimum of sag and slack. The jerk line was threaded through special "keepers" upon the harness of all the near animals—except the last two—and terminated in the bridle bit of the near leader, or the "line horse." This animal was the most important and most intelligent of the whole twenty head. We shall learn more about him later.

Between the two leaders was a light rod or stick known as the "jockey stick" which served the purpose of transmitting the driver's commands and signals to the "off" leader, or mate of the line horse. For example: In executing a left turn a steady pull was applied to the bit of the line horse in the usual manner, and his response pulled his mate toward him and to the left. In executing a right turn the line was gently jerked—hence the name jerk line—until the line horse responded and pushed his mate to the right by means of the stiff jockey stick.

In taking off from a standstill, the driver first issued a preliminary command to "Tighten up!" The final command of execution that started the outfit on the road was not given until each set of tugs and the entire length of heavy draw chain were stretched out tight.

JERK LINE signals were often accompanied by snappy oral commands in various idioms too numerous to mention here. No two skinners used the same commands either preliminary or final, but they did use their characteristic commands consistently to a team which understood them. Some skinners used a shrill whistle for the final command to "Hit the collar!" but many of the old veterans with self-trained one-man teams employed the whistle technique only in cases of emergency when extra power was required. The driver's oral faculties were vitally important, considering the fact that the success of a hard pull depended upon the identical and simultaneous interpretation of his command by twenty creatures.

The usual process of "Taking off" or starting a wagon train to rolling under ordinary conditions consisted merely of a preliminary tightening of the rigging in slow motion, the banging of the brake levers followed by the customary command, and a leisurely snuggle into the collar as the horses felt of the load and walked away together.

But a frantic or emphatic command was altogether a different story which instantly charged the atmosphere and every nerve and sinew with a tension that could almost be felt. Every animal in the team knew instantly that this was an emergency and responded accordingly. Upon an extra snappy command to "Tighten up," the leaders, instead of leaning lazily into the collar, set the example by snapping the rigging out tight and struggling for solid footing while their team-mates followed suit and stretched their traces and the draw chain out taut.

Now, while settling with anticipation for the big heave, the horses' ears were trained to the rear awaiting the final command. Sinews stood out in bold relief, necks were bowed in tense readiness, nostrils flared. No painter ever painted a picture conveying such a thrilling scene of leashed and controlled power as the sight of a twenty-horse team getting set to roll!

When that final shout or whistle pierced the tense atmosphere, twenty sets of tugs and half a ton of heavy draw chain stretched out like fiddle strings. Mud, rocks and gravel flew as a score of husky brutes put everything they had into the collar and heaved together as one mighty animal. The load started and the wagon train was on its way.

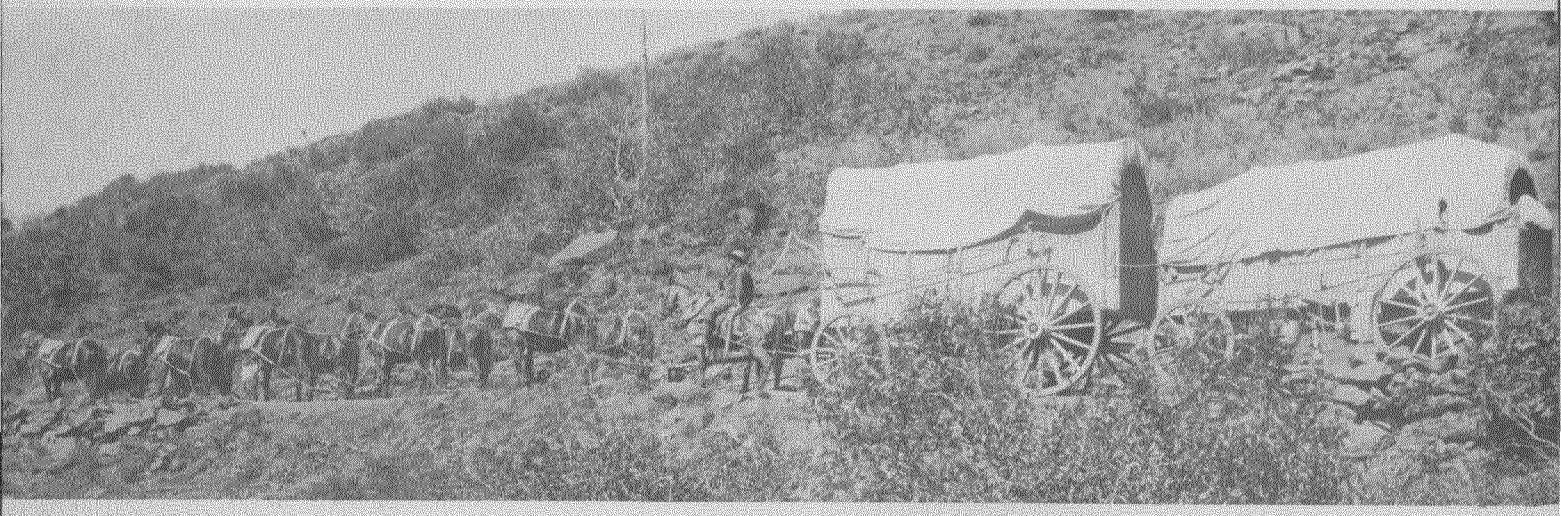
So long as the entire twenty head were on halfway good footing it was practically impossible to stick them. Here was twenty horsepower that was *real* horsepower; not the loose reference to horsepower as applied to an automobile engine, for example.

However, there were many occasions when part of the team was handicapped or at a disadvantage, and so unable to cooperate at the critical stage. For example: In a boggy spot, after eighty hoofs had passed over such a soft area that could not be avoided, the trail was chopped into a "lob-lolly," so that the rear spans and the wagons were likely to sink down and stick. Many a good wheeler has been crippled in such a tragedy by having the wagons pulled over him while he was thus helplessly bogged down.

THIS was only one of the many hazards encountered by the old-time skinner in his daily rugged routine, trip after trip, year in and year out. His animals developed sore shoulders, went lame, or got sick on the road; his wagon tires became loose and threatened to

(Continued on page 40)

This twelve mule team hauled supplies in Baker County, Oregon, back in 1875. Photo courtesy E. R. Jackman.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U. S. troops gathering up the dead after the Battle of Wounded Knee.

SYNOPSIS:
After the annihilation of Custer's Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876, Crazy Horse and his Oglalas surrendered at Camp (later Fort) Robinson and were placed on a reservation. Sitting Bull and many of his Hunkpapas fled to Canada, where they were shortly to receive the alarming news of Crazy Horse's arrest and murder. Sitting Bull assured the British authorities that he came in peace, and was allowed to remain. The story resumes at that point.

Death On The

Sitting Bull and his followers return last bloody act in the tragic Saga of

BY NORMAN B. WILTSEY

SAFELY in Canada, the fugitive Sioux settled down near Wood Mountain under the watchful eyes of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The hard-bitten Mounties told Sitting Bull bluntly that he and his young men must obey the Queen's laws or get out. The Police also stressed the point that there must be no raiding across the line into American territory, and absolutely no horse-stealing on *either* side of the line.

This last dictum was particularly hard to take, since the Sioux had always regarded horse-stealing as an exciting sport expressly designed to break the monotony of hunting. Gray Eagle, Sitting Bull's own brother-in-law, was among the first to get into trouble stealing horses. He and three other braves ran off a hundred head from a village of Slotas (French Indians) living near the uninvited Sioux on the slopes of Wood Mountain. The Slotas complained to the Police, and the Mounties came straight to Sitting Bull's lodge to straighten out the matter. There was no palaver, no parleying. The mustached Sergeant heading the small detachment of Red Coats said sternly: "Your young men have stolen horses. The horses must be returned and the young men punished. Shall we punish them, or will you?"

Startled by such direct action, the chief asked what punishment the Mounties handed out for horse-stealing. The nervous interpreter came up with an amazing and obviously twisted answer. "We have an iron horse with a sharp back. We shall mount these men on that iron horse and split them in two!"

Concealing his astonishment, Sitting Bull asked the privilege of punishing the thieves himself. His request was granted—on condition that the horses were returned immediately. Receiving his promise that this would be done as soon as possible, the Mounties wheeled their horses and rode stiff-backed out of camp with complete unconcern for the glowering Sioux.

Sitting Bull looked at his head men and chuckled. "I like these Red Coats. They talk with straight tongues and they have the hearts of grizzlies!"

The stolen horses were promptly returned to their owners and the thieves punished. Gray Eagle got off lightly. Six of Sitting Bull's Soldiers mounted him on a horse and drove him at a gallop toward the edge of a bluff. If he was horseman enough to stop his mount on the brink of the bluff without falling off he would be allowed to live. If he fell over the bluff, horse and all, he would undoubtedly be killed; if he fell on the ground he would be shot. Gray Eagle, in a dexterous display of horsemanship, dragged his pony to his haunches right at the brink and stayed aboard.

Good Crow, White Bird and White-Cow-Walking, the other culprits, didn't fare so well. They were stripped and hung up by their hands to upright poles, ankles lashed to the bottom of the poles, and allowed to remain thus, with their toes barely touching the ground, for a week during the days. All this time they were permitted only water to drink, and each was guarded by two Soldiers. At night they were allowed to go to their lodges. The harsh routine was varied only when the camp moved; then they were hung up at night. At the end of the week, having silently endured their punishment, the three braves were invited to a feast given by Sitting Bull and his Soldiers. All three received presents of new clothing, and the incident was regarded closed. Gray Eagle, having escaped the ordeal, received nothing. There were no further cases of horse-stealing by the Sioux.

ALTHOUGH permitting the Sioux to remain on Canadian soil "temporarily," the British Government repeatedly urged the U. S. Government to reclaim the unwelcome visitors. Finally, in the autumn of 1878, Washington got around to sending a special commission to negotiate for the return of Sitting Bull and his band. The conference took place at Fort Walsh, on October 17. General Terry, Lieutenant-Colonel Corbin, and the Honorable A. G. Lawrence represented the United States. Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. MacLeod, Major Walsh and other officers of the R.N.W.M.P. represented Her Majesty Queen Victor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big Foot, leader of the Sioux, killed in the Battle of Wounded Knee, December, 1890.

North Plains

rom Canada and the stage is set for the he Sioux

Photos from Frontier Pix

ia's Government. Sitting Bull was escorted by twenty of his sub-chiefs and head men. Each party, in order to avoid any possibility of serious error in the translations, had brought its own interpreter.

General Terry spoke first, stating the American Government's wishes and promises. It seemed, according to Terry, that the Great Father in Washington was most anxious to get his wandering red children back safe and sound. He would graciously grant them full pardon and guarantee them the same treatment as that given to the surrendered Sioux. They must give up their guns and horses upon their return to the United States and proceed peaceably to the reservations where food, clothing and cows would be given them to the full value of their surrendered property. Terry sat down with a satisfied smile, confident that he had offered the Sioux a magnanimous deal they couldn't afford to refuse. He was quickly disillusioned.

Sitting Bull arose and said bitingly: "For sixty-four years you have kept me and my people and treated us bad. What have we done that you should want us to stop? We have done nothing. It is the people on *your* side who started us to making trouble. We could go nowhere else, so we came here. It was on this side of the line that we first learned to shoot, and that's why I came back here again. I would like to know why *you* came here.

"I did not give up my country, but you followed me from place to place, and I had to come here. I was born and raised here with the Red River Mixed-Bloods, and I intend to stay with them . . ."

There was more in the same vein, and then suddenly—like the able statesman he was—Sitting Bull invited the native Indians to speak and give their views. They told Terry plenty. "You came here to tell lies," said one. "When you go home, take them with you . . . Sitting Bull here says that . . . wherever his country was, why, you wanted to have it . . . Fourteen years ago I came over here to escape you . . . For fourteen years I have not had to fight with your people—that is all I have lost by staying in this country . . ."

Speaking for the Sioux mothers, The-One-That-Speaks-Once, the wife of Bear-That-Scatters, said: "I was over in your country. I wanted to bring up my children there, but you did not give me time. I came here to raise my family and have a little peace. That's all I have to say. You go back where you came from. These Red Coats are the people I am going to stay with, and raise my children with."

These heated speeches pointed up the unassailable fact that the American Government had failed dismally in its handling of the Indians, while the British, with but a handful of police officers, controlled the Canadian Indians over a vast territory with no trouble at all. The Americans, time and again, had callously violated their treaties; the British stuck to theirs or called in the chiefs for dignified discussion if modification became necessary. The Americans believed that force was necessary to "quell the red devils"; the British, recognizing the limitless gulf between the red and white races, proceeded to treat their savage wards with strict justice. The results achieved scathingly illustrated the superiority of the British system over the American.

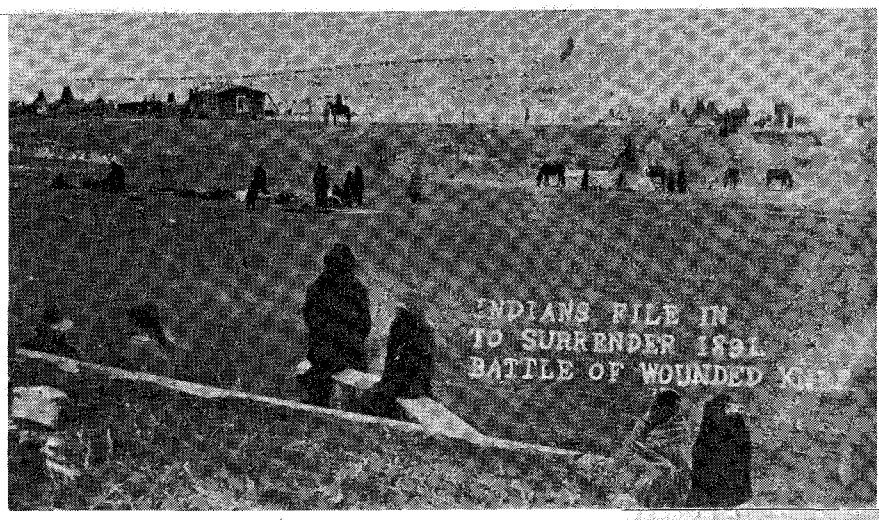
Jolted by the unexpected turn the council had taken, General Terry demanded of Sitting Bull: "Shall I say to the President that you refuse the offers he has made to you? Are we to understand from what you have said that you refuse those offers?"

Sitting Bull stared at Terry in scornful silence for a moment, then—neatly ducking the trap set for him—replied obliquely: "I could tell you more, but this is all I have to say. If we told you more—why, you would pay no attention to it. I have no more to say. This side of the boundary does not belong to your people. You belong on the other side; I belong here."

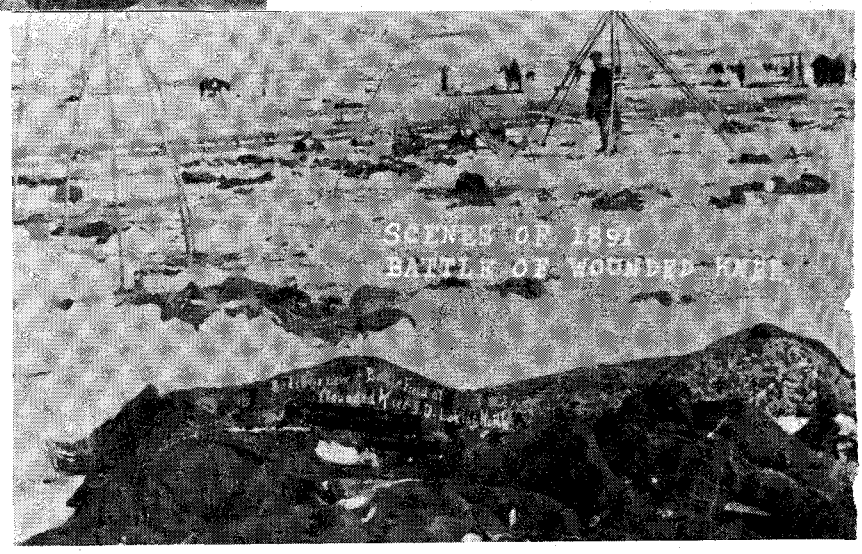
The council broke up hurriedly, with General Terry and Sitting Bull leaving in an angry mood. The General left for American soil shortly thereafter, with word for President Grant and General-in-Chief Sheridan that the wily old Bull of the Hunkpapas was just as argumentative and recalcitrant as ever. There the matter rested.

AS LONG as the buffalo lasted, Sitting Bull did not intend to surrender to the Americans. He had no illusions about what would happen to him; the fate of Crazy Horse was fresh in his mind. Shrewdly he figured that as long as the Sioux fed themselves and obeyed the Grandmother Queen's laws, the fair Red Coats would allow them to remain in Canada. However, the stark fact was that the buffalo herds were playing out and would soon be gone. Sioux hunters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The photographs on these two pages, showing scenes of the Battle of Wounded Knee, were sent in by Carrol W. Koehne of Rapid City, S. D.



had to range far afield to make enough meat to feed the band. Most of the remaining buffaloes grazed south of the border, and that made hunting extremely dangerous. Dark destiny was closing in on the last of the free Sioux—none knew it better than Sitting Bull. Yet he had pledged his word that he would go on keeping his people free as long as it was humanly possible. He did not intend to break that pledge.

Hunting on Milk River in Montana one day in '79, Sitting Bull was hardly surprised when eight scouts of General Miles' command approached the Sioux camp. Seven were Cheyennes, the other "Big Leggins" Brughiere. Bob-Tail-Horse—the same fearless warrior who had faced Custer with but three companions at the ford on the Little Big Horn—and two companions, rode boldly up to the Sioux lodges. The others remained warily on a hilltop, watching.

Sitting Bull ignored the traitor Brughiere, who had once been his adopted "brother," and addressed himself to Bob-Tail-Horse.

"What is it you want? Why do you come into my camp? Where is Bear Coat? Take care to tell the truth. If you lie to us, we'll kill you!"

Bob-Tail-Horse replied coolly, "I came here not to lie, but to tell you the truth and to give you a chance to save your women and children. If you surrender, they (the soldiers) will treat you the same way they treated us. They'll give you a reservation, and you'll have peace."

Sitting Bull snorted his scorn. "*Hai!* Once you Cheyennes were leaders in war, great fighters! What are you now? White man's Indians!"

But the dark-faced Cheyenne answered imperturbably: "This is your last chance. Go down, surrender and save your families, or the soldiers will chase you all over the country. Bear Coat will be here when the plums are ripe."

The old Hunkpapa chieftain answered stonily, "We'll not surrender, not for a year or two, anyhow . . ."

Bob-Tail-Horse shrugged. "We used to fight the soldiers too. Have you forgotten so quickly what we did to Long Hair on the Greasy Grass? But it is useless to fight the whirlwind . . . Now it is up to you to fight or surrender."

Admiring the Cheyenne's splendid courage, Sitting Bull allowed Bob-Tail-Horse and his companions to ride out of camp unmolested. Knowing the caliber of the scout, he was not at all surprised when Bob-Tail-Horse turned up later leading General Miles' soldiers. The Sioux did not fight; they simply moved back into Canada ahead of the trailing cavalry. Miles, of course, stopped at the border.

Sitting Bull was deeply troubled by this incident, showing as it did the implacable hostility of the Americans. If they would not let the Sioux hunt peaceably on their own old hunting grounds, then there was no hope. The chief's only choice was to stay in Canada as long as possible and then surrender, turning over all guns and horses and becoming "white man's Indians" on the reservation.

CONTINUAL and increasing pressure now was exerted on the Sioux to induce them to give up. Scouts, Black Robes (missionary priests) and Agency Sioux kept coming from the States to urge the fugitives to surrender. By twos and threes, Sitting Bull's followers slipped away across the line to give themselves up to the soldiers until finally only a handful were left. Adding to the Hunkpapa leader's woes was the grim fact that there was no longer enough buffaloes or game of any kind to feed his dwindling band. The traders, who had been happy to advance him credit in the days when the buffaloes were plenty, refused to give him more food. One of their leaders, Jean Louis Legare, told the chief bluntly that he must give up.

"Surrender before your remaining people starve," said Legare. "Both the Red Coats and the Mixed-Bloods are tired of you. You are poor, you cannot support yourselves. Surrender and I will try to help you."

Sitting Bull replied: "I trust you, but not the Americans. They are only waiting to get us all together and then slaughter us."

"I have been your friend and I am still your friend," answered Legare steadily. "But it is costing me forty dollars a day to feed your people and I cannot afford to go on much longer."

The chief bowed his head. "I will go once more to the Red Coats. If they will not help me, I will surrender."

Inspector A. R. MacDonnel flatly refused to issue rations to the Sioux. "I cannot help you," he told Sitting Bull. "The Grandmother does not want you here, go back to your old home."

"I *have* no home—the white men have taken it away!" cried the chief in despair.

"That is no concern of mine," replied MacDonnel inexorably. "I have no food to give you, so you must go."

Sitting Bull's old temper flared. "I will bring my warriors and *take* the food!" he shouted.

MacDonnel folded his arms across the front of his gold-laced scarlet tunic and stared straight at his visitor. "Go ahead and try it," he said coldly.

Sitting Bull threw his arms wide and cried out brokenly, "I am thrown away."

IN JULY of 1881, the Sioux started south—187 all told. Symbolic of the utter defeat and downfall of the once powerful Lakota Nation was the fact that not one live buffalo was sighted on the sad journey, only the wolf-stripped skeletons of the last buffaloes killed by the white hide hunters. *Pte* was gone—and with him went the independence and freedom of the Sioux.

At noon on July 19, Sitting Bull and his head men rode into Fort Buford on the Missouri River and surrendered. Colonel William Bowen, then a youthful officer at Fort Buford, recalled in later years the famous chief's appearance. "Sitting Bull did not appear to be a well man, showing in his face and figure the ravages of worry and hunger he had gone through. He was getting old. Since the Sixties he had been the hero of his race. Giving into the hated whites and the final surrender of his cherished independence was a hard blow to his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pride, and he took it hard. He was much broken."

So Sitting Bull, like Crazy Horse before him, was forced by hunger and weariness and concern for his few loyal followers to give up to the all-conquering white man. A whole colorful era closed with his surrender—the era of the "happy times and free" when the proud Lakotas roamed the Plains unhampered by the strange laws of the incomprehensible white man.

Sitting Bull turned over his guns and horses and in return received a "pardon" for all his alleged crimes in the past. He was to join the rest of his people at the Standing Rock Agency at Fort Yates.

The tired old chief was pleasantly surprised at the courteous treatment he received from Major Brotherton, C.O. at Fort Buford. He shook hands warmly with the Major, and with a friendly newspaperman of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* who informed him that his daughter was safe and well cared for. The newspapermen present sent dispatches to their papers, stating that Sitting Bull handed over his Winchester with the ringing statement: "Let it be recorded that I am the last man of my people to lay down my gun!" Actually, he said nothing at all when he handed over his weapon.

Boarding the steamboat *General Sherman* on July 29, the melancholy Sioux began the three-day trip down the Missouri to Fort Yates and Standing Rock. Sitting Bull, however, was taken to Fort Randall and held there as a prisoner of war. He was not permitted to join his people at Standing Rock until May 10, 1883.

At Fort Randall, Sitting Bull had been under the control of the military—professional fighting men whom he understood and with whom he quickly made friends. At Standing Rock, he found the situation quite different. Here the Agent, Major James "White Hair" McLaughlin was in control. McLaughlin and the old chief clashed at once. The Major brooked no opposition at his Agency, and he bristled immediately at Sitting Bull's independent attitude. A struggle between them for supremacy began at once and was to continue for seven years until Sitting Bull's death ended the bitter rivalry. The numerous details of that fight for power between Agent and chief cannot all be recorded here; it is enough to touch upon a few high spots.

Baffled and angered by Sitting Bull's continued influence over the Sioux, McLaughlin tried deliberately to break him. He organized a body of Indian Police, one of whose duties was to keep a check on Sitting Bull's activities. He set up John Grass of the Blackfoot Sioux and Gall of the Hunkpapas as rival chiefs. The Major's machinations were useless; the Sioux still looked upon the old medicine man as their chief and spokesman. Cunningly, McLaughlin contrived to have Sitting Bull sent away from the Reservation as often as possible. The chief traveled to Bismarck for the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad, met ex-President Grant and a number of his old Army officer enemies who were now his friends, and carried the flag at the head of the procession. To McLaughlin's intense annoyance, he came back to Standing Rock more of a hero to the Sioux than ever.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1883, Sitting Bull participated in the last great buffalo hunt on the Plains. A herd of 10,000 animals had been discovered between the Moreau and Cannonball Rivers in North Dakota, and the Sioux were magnanimously allowed to "share" these with a horde of white hunters. The sharing turned out to be decidedly one-sided, with the Indians averaging one buffalo kill per day per man and the white hunters with their modern repeating rifles racking up twenty to sixty kills a day each. By the middle of November the herd was wiped out, and now Sitting Bull knew indeed that the day of the Indian was over. With heavy hearts the chief and his hunters rode back to Standing Rock to endure once more the petty tyranny of Agent McLaughlin.

A year later, angered and distressed at McLaughlin's persecutions and disillusioned by the jealousy of Gall, a fellow Hunkpapa, and that of some of his own head men, Sitting Bull made the error of accepting the invitation of one Colonel Alvaren Allen to make a public appearance tour of fifteen cities of the United States. Colonel Allen promised the troubled chief that he would have an opportunity to talk to the Great Father in Washington. He never got the chance. Allen carted him around the country solely to make money by exhibiting him as "the slayer of General Custer." Sitting Bull could speak no English, and when he greeted his hostile but curious audiences in Sioux, Allen interpreted his friendly words as a lurid description of how the Sioux had destroyed the soldiers at the Little Big Horn. The junket was nothing more than a crude and sadistic humiliation of a bewildered old man.

Buffalo Bill Cody—called *Pahuska* by the Sioux—was quick to see the commercial possibilities of adding Sitting Bull to his Wild West Show, and made the necessary arrangements for taking him along during the summer of 1885.

The chief traveled with the show for several months, both in the United States and Canada. His treatment by the American crowds was in striking contrast to that he received in Canada. With cold and silent dignity, Sitting Bull endured the boos and curses of the hot-headed Americans, not deigning to speak even when some crackpots spit at him. Stoically, he sold his autographed photograph to the same people who cursed him as the "savage murderer of General Custer." In Washington, he shook hands with the President but still was not granted an audience with him.

North of the border, Sitting Bull was acclaimed as "the illustrious Indian general and statesman . . . the *beau ideal* of a straight-forward and honest Indian." Showman Cody, far from being annoyed at the chief's popularity, was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JEWELLED *Clip-on* WESTERNER TIES

Finest Quality French Crepe, and silver Lamé cloth, full cut, lined, and stitched all around to hold its shape. TRIMMED with genuine, fiery Austrian Rhinestones, Jewels, and Pearls. These Stones are all HAND SEWN, not pasted on—for longer wear.

#100 LR SILVER LAME' (silver metallic threaded cloth). Beautifully trimmed with large rhinestone center and rhinestone banding. Choice of 6 colors: black, white, red, royal, aqua, biege.
Each 2.50 3 for 6.95

UNTRIMMED (without rhinestones)
Each 1.75 3 for 5.50

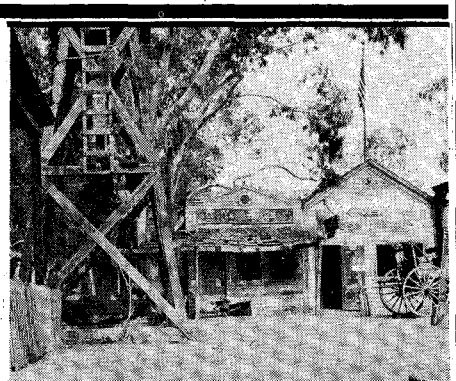
#100 RP FRENCH CREPE, trimmed with large rhinestone insert, surrounded by gold and silver beading, with two high lustre pearls for added beauty. Choice of 12 colors: black, white, red, green, royal, aqua, chartreuse, watermelon, burgandy, brown, sand, gold.
Each 2.00 3 for 5.50

#100 RR FRENCH CREPE, same colors as above, trimmed with Rhinestone Banding.
Each 2.00 3 for 5.50

#100 FRENCH CREPE (untrimmed), same colors as above.
Each 1.00 3 for 2.75

All orders accompanied by check, shipped postage prepaid, including tax. Otherwise, C.O.D. plus postage and handling charge. WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE. Dealers Inquiries invited.

KURLAND MFG. CO.
P.O. Box 8168 Chicago 80, Ill.



"Ghost Town" is a true replica of early gold mining towns. Many thrills await you as you wander through the streets of this old town. Hours of Free Entertainment.

WRITE FOR FREE PICTORIAL BOOKLET

KNOTT'S BERRY FARM & GHOST TOWN

P.O. BOX 338-A Buena Park, California

FREE CATALOG
Save on Your Western Needs
Send for complete fully illustrated Western Clothing and Saddlery catalog. 60 pages of quality Ranchwear and Riding equipment. Lowest prices. We pay the postage on all orders.
FREE
JACKE WOLFE RANCHWEAR
62 E. 2nd So., Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Frontier Pix

Officers of the Seventh Cavalry who participated in the Battle of Wounded Knee.

delighted. It made great business for the show, and that was all that mattered to the Colonel. At the end of the season, he showed his appreciation with a gift of a trained gray circus horse and a big white sombrero matching his own. Sitting Bull went home to Standing Rock feeling that there was at least one fair and honest white man in the world.

McLaughlin soon had the chief on the move again, sending him and the braves who had accompanied him to Fort Randall in 1881 to visit the Crows at their Agency in Montana. Hopeful of acquiring ponies from the Crows, the Sioux were anxious to go. On the trip, Catch-the-Bear, a friend of Sitting Bull, and Lieutenant Bullhead of the Indian Police, had a row over a bag of rations. Bullhead struck Catch-the-Bear and took the rations away from him. To an Indian, a blow is a deadly insult and Catch-the-Bear warned Bullhead, "I am going to get you!"

At the Crow Agency, there was more trouble. The Crows were old enemies of the Sioux, and the Crow chief Crazy Head tried to provoke Sitting Bull into a fight. The old medicine man ignored him and things finally cooled down. The Sioux eventually had a fine visit with the Crows and when they left, Crazy Head gave Sitting Bull thirty good horses. Bullhead roped a fine spotted black-and-white pony for his own, but Sitting Bull ordered him to turn it over to Catch-the-Bear. The seething Indian policeman obeyed, accepting a buckskin in exchange. But he never forgot nor forgave Sitting Bull.

THE YEARS between 1886 and 1890 at Standing Rock were marked by intrigue and counter-intrigue. Agent McLaughlin's puppet chiefs—now four in number—did their best to undermine Sitting Bull's influence. Of McLaughlin himself the chief said wearily, "Once I had a jealous woman in my lodge named Snow-on-Her. This Agent reminds me of that jealous woman." The remark was carried to McLaughlin by one of his faithful followers, and the rift between chief and Agent widened.

Quietly but stubbornly, Sitting Bull refused to force himself into the white man's mold demanded of him. He received missionaries courteously, but declined to join the church or to give up one of his two wives. "What does it matter how I pray, so long as my prayers are answered?" he asked the baffled missionaries. On the question of plural marriage, he shrugged: "I like *both* my wives—I do not wish to treat them differently." Discussing the ban on medicine men, he remarked with simple logic: "The main thing is to cure the patient; any method that works is a good one."

Major McLaughlin, exasperated beyond reason, branded the old warrior "incorrigible." If by incorrigible, the Major meant that Sitting Bull defied his efforts to make him into a "white man's Indian," he was correct.

So it went throughout the last four years of Sitting Bull's life. Although the chief tried with all his might to retain the Indian religion for his people, he also tried hard to help them adjust to the white man's ways in all other things. At his cabin near his birthplace on Grand River, he farmed a piece of land, raised cattle and chickens, and sent his children to school. He insisted that his people follow his example, and it is a matter of record that they did so. Despite the angry denouncements of Agent McLaughlin, despite the strutting and posturing of the puppet chiefs, Sitting Bull was still the respected leader of the Sioux. The Government discovered that fact in 1888 when the old chief blandly blocked its effort to buy 11,000,000 acres of Sioux lands at the outrageous price of fifty cents an acre. After a solid month of fruitless councils, the Commissioners gave up and returned to Washington.

In 1889 the Government tried again to acquire the coveted Sioux lands. This time, despite Sitting Bull's spirited opposition, the deal went through—the coalition against him was too powerful. The chief went home to his cabin with the bitter remark: "There are no Indians left but me!"

SITTING BULL'S decline as the powerful leader of the Sioux began with his defeat at the 1889 council. He prophesied that *Wakan Tanka* would turn His face away from His children as a punishment for their selling their ancestral birthplace in *Maka,* the Mother Earth. The puppet chiefs laughed at the grim warning, and Major McLaughlin called it "pagan nonsense." But, in the bitter winter of 1889-90, Sitting Bull's prophecy came true.

Drouth had made farming impossible the summer before; the Indians could not make a crop. Starvation and disease stalked each cabin and *tipi* on the Dakota Reservations; the thin, high wailing of women mourning their dead sounded in the desolate camps day and night. Misery was everywhere. Medicines and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emergency relief rations were not forthcoming from Washington. The times were ripe for a miracle, and at this opportune moment the Ghost Dance came to the Northern Plains.

Much that is erroneous has been written about the Ghost Dance religion. It was not a pagan religion at all, but simply the Indian's primitive interpretation of Christianity. A young Paiute named Wovoka started it in Nevada by claiming to be the Indian Messiah sent from heaven to deliver His people from the whites. God had sent the Messiah to earth to enter the body of an Indian because, long ago, the whites had denied and killed Him. He would remove the white men from the face of the earth they had defiled and restore the Indian nations in all their former power and glory. All the Indians, living and dead, would be reunited in health and happiness on earth, and the Messiah would bring back the buffaloes to feed them! All that was required to bring this about was to dance the Spirit Dance—called Ghost Dance by the whites—and sing the Holy Songs until the right moment came. The moment would come when all the Indians had proved themselves to be worthy of salvation.

Wovoka himself did not venture far from his home at Walker Lake, Nevada. His eager apostles carried his message far and wide: to the Utes and the Bannocks, Mohaves, Pawnees, Shoshones, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Only the Crows of the Northern Plains tribes stood aloof, immune to the grass-fire excitement. Their wise chief Plenty Coups said: "Do not be fools, my brothers. Do not cast away all we have won by listening to these crazy ones." The Crows heeded Plenty Coups instead of the fervent apostles of Wovoka.

Kicking Bear, a Sioux chief, made the pilgrimage to Nevada and brought back the strange story to Sitting Bull. The Bear returned completely sold on the divinity of the "new Messiah."

The practical Hunkpapa leader at first took no stock in Kicking Bear's excited assertion that the Great Spirit had indeed sent an Indian Messiah to bring the dead to life and regenerate the old, worn-out earth. He would, declared Kicking Bear, send a thirty-foot wave of new, fresh soil over the earth that would crush the whites beneath it. Only the Indians would be saved, by dancing the Spirit Dance and singing the Sacred Songs. They would be suspended in the air while the great earth wave passed safely beneath them. "The Messiah hovered overhead while we were going back to the railroad," Kicking Bear earnestly assured Sitting Bull. "He taught us the dance and the songs."

"Nonsense!" replied Sitting Bull. "The dead cannot come back to life. What you saw overhead was an eagle or a buzzard."

Nevertheless, for all his skepticism, the old medicine man remembered the glowing visions he had seen in the Sun Dances of old. Might there not be some truth in what Kicking Bear said? Certainly it was not given to one man alone to see visions. So, with inner misgivings but desperate hope, Sitting Bull allowed his people to dance, wearing the sacred garments—called Ghost Spirits by the apprehensive whites—painted with the sun, moon, stars, the eagle and the buffalo. The sacred garments were guaranteed bulletproof, in the event the white man objected to the dancing and started shooting.

The chief danced himself, praying to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUY DIRECTLY FROM MANUFACTURER

SAVE

33⅓%

REGULARLY STORE-PRICED AT $38.50

ORDER DIRECT AND PAY ONLY

$23.50

GUARANTEE

Fully guaranteed against defects in materials and workmanship or your money cheerfully refunded

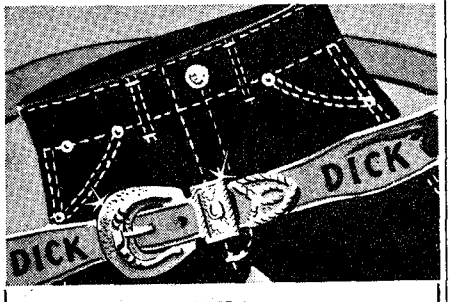
All sizes and widths in stock. These are exceptionally fine quality boots of American, Canadian and European leathers—not to be compared with Mexican leathers, seconds or irregulars at cheaper prices.

Custom made boots to your specifications $5.00 extra. Allow 20 days for delivery.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE

SANTA FE BOOT CO.

P. O. Box 7063 El Paso, Texas



BIG VALUE COMBO . . . TEXAS JEANS AND PERSONALIZED LEATHER BELT

He'll wear these and be envied! Western design buckle, genuine heavy-leather belt with HIS name branded on *both* ends . . . and Texas Western jeans that give famous western fit. Trim fit jeans are sturdy, Sanforized, dark-blue denim, *rivet-reinforced, double knees,* extra-long turn-up, TALON zipper front, carry famous seal of approval you'll recognize. Sizes 4-12. Only $3.25 ppd., belt & jeans combo. Send child's name, size. Money-back guarantee. Texas Western Wear, Dept. 101, 116 Mills Street, El Paso, Texas.

When in Arizona See One of the Largest Collections of Gemstone Jewelry in the West at

WESTERN MINERALS

in Texas Canyon 18 miles west of Willcox, Arizona. Send $5.00 for 2 pounds Mixed Tumbled Gems to:

WESTERN MINERALS, Box 29, Dragoon, Ariz.

TREASURE!

FREE lists, maps, books, mining locations, ghost towns, pirate, lost mines, sunken TREASURE. Include $1 and get large 6 foot area map with 445 locations lost TREASURE; OR, "Gold Panning for Profit", 50 page booklet. Specify which. FOUL ANCHOR ARCHIVES, "for treasure or pleasure", RYE, N.Y. (Since 1925).

Sitting Bull's daughter, Standing Holy, and his son, Crow Foot. Crow Foot was killed with his father in 1890. These photos were sent in by Hal Porter of Kenmare, N. D.

Wakan Tanka to send him a vision of his departed and beloved daughter. It did not seem at all incongruous to him to be praying to the Great Spirit of the Indian while hoping for the return of the Messiah. Was He not universal—the God of the white man too? It was strange and sad that the white missionaries could not learn this elemental fact and leave the Indian to his own interpretation of the Mighty One Above.

Sitting Bull saw no visions, experienced no ecstatic trances as did some of his followers. He stopped dancing and returned alone to his cabin to pray in solitude for the divine salvation of his broken, starving people. But *Wakan Tanka* still kept His face turned away, and the old chief plumbed the very depths of despair. It was clear to him now; there was no help in all the earth or in all the heavens for the doomed Sioux.

STARTLED by the sudden appearance of the Ghost Dance in Sitting Bull's camp on Grand River forty miles from Standing Rock Agency, Major McLaughlin sent fifteen of his Indian Police to arrest Kicking Bear and stop the dancing. The police returned without Kicking Bear, dazed and incoherent with the wonder of what they had seen: Sioux "falling dead" in the circle of dancers, later coming back to life to describe in joyous terms the wondrous things they had beheld during their brief sojourn in the Spirit Land.

McLaughlin tried again, sending out Lieutenant Chatka with one companion to inform Kicking Bear and his six Cheyenne River comrades to leave Sitting Bull's camp at once or be arrested. Chatka, a tough and dedicated policeman, turned the trick. Threatened with arrest, Kicking Bear and his friends meekly left camp.

But the dancing continued, with Sitting Bull ignoring McLaughlin's command to stop it. The Agent then requested the Indian Bureau to have Sitting Bull arrested—without result. McLaughlin then called a meeting of the Indian Police and told them that it "looked as if they might have to arrest Sitting Bull."

The police were dumbfounded. Arrest Sitting Bull, great leader of all the Sioux? Impossible! Crazy Walking, Captain of the police, promptly resigned. He was quickly followed by Grasping Eagle, Big Mane, and Standing Soldier. One Bull, nephew of Sitting Bull, was discharged with a warning to keep his mouth shut about the whole affair. McLaughlin talked to police officers from Sitting Bull's own camp: Old Bull, Strikes-the-Kettle, Black Fox and Two Crow. All listened silently to "White Hair" rant about their chief, then turned in their guns and uniforms.

McLaughlin, who had called Sitting Bull "a man of low cunning, devoid of a single manly principle in his nature or an honorable trait of character," turned next to Lieutenant Bullhead, who hated Sitting Bull. "*You* must arrest him!" cried the Major.

"I will arrest him," Bullhead agreed. "Let me pick my own men. I'll pick men who will stick."

Still McLaughlin dawdled, hoping for official permission to make the arrest. The days slipped by and the "Ghost Dancing" spread over all the Sioux reservations in a burst of religious frenzy. The news got on the telegraph wires and became front page newspaper sensation. According to some despatches, the "bloodthirsty Sioux were dancing to go on the warpath again."

In Chicago, Buffalo Bill Cody read the newspaper stories and announced grandiloquently that he was returning at once to Dakota to "settle the trouble." He wangled an order for Sitting Bull's arrest from General Miles and headed for Standing Rock.

Agent McLaughlin wanted no part of the flamboyant Colonel Cody; he intended to capture Sitting Bull himself. He warned Cody that the chief was in a state of murderous frenzy and might kill him on sight. Cody laughed heartily at that. "Old Bull kill *me*?" he whooped. "Why, man, old Bull and me are *buddies*! Just watch me talk him out of this Ghost Dance foolishness. There ain't a damn thing wrong with old Bull except that he's hungry and discouraged and needs a friend. *I'm* that friend and I aim to *prove* it."

Cody might have proved it if he'd had the chance, but he was never given the opportunity. Starting out with eight newspapermen and a wagonload of gifts for his "old friend of better days," the famous showman was persuaded by McLaughlin to turn back and "wait for word from Washington." The word never came, but the Agent neatly hoodwinked Cody into believing that the order for Sitting Bull's arrest had been rescinded. Buffalo Bill threw a party for the newspapermen to celebrate the "news."

On December 1, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs wired Major McLaughlin: "You will, as to all operations intended

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WHO'S WHO of SIXSHOOTERDOLOGY

An Actual Reproduction
OF THE TITLE PAGE OF THIS
GREAT WESTERN BOOK
Size-Twenty one by Fourteen inches

THE BIOGRAPHICAL ALBUM OF WESTERN GUNFIGHTERS

BY

ED BARTHOLOMEW

PRICE POSTPAID $15.00

CONTAINING MORE THAN 1,000 BIOGRAPHICAL ENTRIES TOGETHER WITH OVER SIX HUNDRED RARE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOST FAMOUS SHERIFFS, OUTLAWS, MARSHALLS, AND CELEBRATED PERSONALITIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER

ORDER FROM
FRONTIER BOOK CO.
8102 Lockheed St.
Houston, Texas

1958

THE FRONTIER PRESS OF TEXAS ★ HOUSTON 17 TEXAS

to suppress any outbreak by force, cooperate and obey the orders of the military officers commanding on the reservation in your charge."

The Major wired back, asking if he was authorized to make the arrest when he thought best. Back came the curt reply: "The Secretary directs that you make no arrests whatever, except under orders from the military."

Chafing under the restraint, McLaughlin impatiently bided his time.

AT THE end of the first week in December, Sitting Bull was invited to the Pine Ridge Agency. Short Bull, leader of the Ghost Dancers at Pine Ridge, had learned in a vision that the Messiah was coming soon to Pine Ridge. As chief of all the Sioux, Sitting Bull should be there to welcome Him. Sitting Bull put the matter to a vote of his people. All agreed that he should go. Accordingly, he requested a pass from the Agent.

Before Sitting Bull could get his request to McLaughlin, an Indian policeman arrived at his cabin with a letter from the Agent, ordering the chief to stop the dancing and send all the dancers back to their homes.

Sitting Bull dictated a letter in reply. His nephew, Andrew Fox, put it into English:

"To the Major in the Indian Office:

"I wish to write a few lines today and let you know something. I held a meeting with all my Indians today, and am writing to you this message (from them). God made you—made all the White race, and also made the Red race—and gave them both might and heart to know everything in the world, but gave the whites the advantage over the Indians. But today, God, our Father, is helping us Indians, so all we Indians believe.

"Therefore I think this way: I wish no man to come to me in my prayers with gun or knife. Therefore all the Indians pray to God for life, and try to find out a good road, and do nothing wrong in their life. This is what we want, and pray to God. But you did not believe us.

"You should say nothing against our religion, for we said nothing against yours. You pray to God. So do all of us Indians, as well as the whites. We both pray to only one God, who made us all.

"Yet you, my friend, today you think I am a fool, and you gather up some of the wise men among my people on your side, and you let the people back East know what you think. I know that, but I do not object; I overlook that, because I am foolish enough to pray to God.

"Therefore, my friend, you don't like me. Well, my friend, I don't like it myself when someone is foolish. You are the same. You don't like me because you think I am a fool, and you imagine that, if I were not here, all the Indians would become civilized; and that, because I am here, all the Indians are fools. I know this is what you publish in the newspapers back East. I see it all in the paper, but I overlook that.

"When you were in my camp, you gave me good words about my prayers, but today you take it all back again. And there is something else I want to know. I am obliged to go to Pine Ridge Agency and investigate this Ghost Dance religion. So I write to let you know about that.

"The policemen told me you intend to take all our ponies, and our guns too. So I wish you would let me know about that. Please answer soon.

SITTING BULL"

Comfort PLUS RUGGED All-Season WEAR!

Handsome Scuffproof RANGE BOOT

ORDER BY MAIL

Range boots are designed for comfort in action . . . for foot hugging fit and long wear. The tough textured natural tan leather is as rugged as it is good looking. Form-fitting heel counter holds the boots snugly to your feet, yet they are easy off and on. Heavy duty Safe-T-Lite soles and heels cushion every step. Spring steel arch for firm support. 10-inch tops have shallow scallop and pull straps. Natural tan cowhide.

• SIZES 6 TO 13 • WIDTHS A TO E $17.50 postpaid

WRITE FOR FREE ORDER KIT

Featuring casual Western clothing, riding equipment, boots and hats. Also custom-styled leather wear, jewelry, gifts for the entire family.

HAMLEY'S PENDLETON, OREGON DEPT. T4
In the Heart of the Roundup Country Since 1883

INTER-TRIBAL INDIAN CEREMONIAL
GALLUP, NEW MEXICO
THE INDIAN CAPITAL

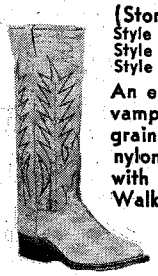
AGE-OLD INDIAN RITUALS
10,000 Indians, All Tribes
AUGUST 14-17
Write for Information
Ceremonial Association
Box 1029, Gallup, New Mexico

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HANDMADE WESTERN BOOTS

Buy With Confidence—Wear With Pride

The "ROUGH RIDER"



(Store Price $37.50)
Style 2100 - All Beige
Style 2101 - All Black
Style 2102 - All Brown

$22.75

An entirely new style. Tops and vamps of beautiful soft top-grain glove leather. Four rows nylon stitching in 16 inch tops with 6 inch zipper in back. Walking heel. Narrow toe. Leather lined. Our own exclusive design.

The "SQUARE DANCER"

$18.45 Store Price $29.95
Style 100 - All Light Tan

This handsome boot is designed for comfortable dress wear. Completely western, 11 inch tops with four rows nylon stitching. Undershot walking heel. Sharp box toe decorated with double medallion and four wrinkles. Tops and vamps of lightweight dress calfskin.

FREE CATALOG on request of Guaranteed Handmade Boots. Postpaid on orders paid in full. $3.00 deposit on C.O.D.'s — you pay postage.

YSLETA BOOT COMPANY
P. O. Box 815, Ysleta 22, Texas

Please ship.....pairs. Style.....Shoe size.....
Name .....
Address .....
City..... State.....

VACATION COLOR SLIDES, National Parks, Southwest, Travel, Science. Free list (with sample 30¢). Kelly R Choda, 732 Ursula, Aurora 8, Colo.

New Picture Book on old Narrow Gauge trains of Colorado. Over 30 old wood engravings, maps. "Thirty Pound Rails," $1.00 postpaid. Special: Book & 6 color slides $3.00. Kelly R Choda, 732 Ursula St., Aurora 8, Colorado.

$$$TREASURE$$$

New transistor metal detector finds lost or hidden treasure, coins, gold, silver, jewelry, relics. Profitable hobby. New underwater metal detector detects sunken ships, outboard motors, etc. in 300 ft. of salt or fresh water. Operates from a boat. Scintillation counter. Free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS
Dept. 7, 2545 E. Indian School Rd., Phoenix, Ariz.

EARN BIG $$$
LEARN **LAPIDARY**
GEM CUTTING & JEWELRY ARTS

MAKE JEWELRY PIECES FOR FUN — FOR PROFIT

Now you can make amazing, professional-looking items in your own home. Write for outstanding bible of the industry... Grieger's Encyclopedia of Lapidary. New . . . over 320 pages . . . 2000 pictures . . . 30 articles . . . source data for everything you need. Send for FREE INFORMATION TODAY . . . at no obligation. ACT NOW.

GRIEGER'S INC. Dept. 268, 1633 E. Walnut Pasadena 4, Calif.

Frontier Pix

Dead Indians frozen in the ice after the Battle of Wounded Knee.

The letter was delivered to McLaughlin early on the evening of December 12, 1890. The Agent was relieved of the duty of answering, for earlier the same day he had received news of the military order for Sitting Bull's arrest. The message read:

"To Commanding Officer, Fort Yates N. Dak.:

"The Division Commander has directed that you make it your especial duty to secure the person of Sitting Bull. Call on Indian agent to cooperate and render such assistance as will best promote the purpose in view. Acknowledge receipt and, if not perfectly clear, repeat back.

M. Barber
Assistant Adjutant General."

THE STUNNING news of the arrest order was carried swiftly to Sitting Bull. The chief received the warning with typical stoical silence. His devoted followers, at first shocked into disbelief, rallied quickly to defend their leader. A strong guard of warriors was placed around Sitting Bull's house, and the angry Hunkpapas waited for the white men and the Indian Police to make their move. Catch-the-Bear, Lieutenant Bullhead's deadly enemy, was in charge of the bodyguard.

Forty-three "Metal Breasts" (Indian Police) comprised the arresting force, led by the implacable Bullhead. One hundred cavalrymen, with a rapid-firing Hotchkiss gun, moved on the Hunkpapa camp from another direction.

The police approached Sitting Bull's darkened cabin just before dawn on December 15. Inexplicably, in some manner never explained, they entered the unlocked cabin without opposition from the guard. Sitting Bull was awakened not by the gunfire of his protectors, but by the thunder of horses' hoofs on the frozen ground and the frenzied barking of the camp dogs futilely protesting the invasion. He was sitting up in his low bed when the police burst in on him. His wife cried out beside him as shadowy figures seized the chief, dragging him from his bed. He had no chance to grab the Winchester from beneath his blankets or the Colt revolver under his pillow.

A policeman lighted a kerosene lamp on the wall, and Sitting Bull recognized Weasel Bear and Eagle Man gripping his arms. Standing in the middle of the room, Lieutenant Bullhead shouted: "We arrest you!" Sergeant Shave Head echoed Bullhead's words, and Red Tomahawk added: "If you fight, you will be killed here!"

Sitting Bull, naked and still dazed with sleep, muttered *"Hau"* (Yes). His wife scolded the policemen, calling them "jealous people" and demanding to know what they were doing there. Nervous and excited, the policemen tried to dress Sitting Bull before hustling him away. Rousing himself, the old man said sharply, "You do not need to dress me—I can dress myself." Beginning to get angry at his captors' clumsy jostling, the chief demanded, "Why did you not wait until morning, when I would be up and dressed?" He tried to pull away from Weasel Bear and Eagle Man and sit down on the bed. In frantic haste, they picked him up and lugged him toward the door. Roughly they pushed and dragged him outside, where two of the Metal Breasts already had saddled his gray circus horse.

All was noise and confusion: men shouting, women crying, and dogs barking. Sitting Bull's deaf-mute son struggled pitifully to help his father until a policeman hurled him to the ground.

Suddenly Catch-the-Bear, growling like a bear, came rushing through the graying dawn calling out: "Where is Afraid-of-Bear (Bullhead)? Afraid-of-Bear, come here!"

Behind Catch-the-Bear, in a grim, tight little group, moved Strikes-the-Kettle, Brave Thunder, Spotted-Horn-Bull and Blackbird—all sworn to protect Sitting Bull to the death and all with cocked rifles.

Instantly, Bullhead realized that he could never take Sitting Bull without a fight. He also knew that he was marked for death, but he did not hesitate a second to answer his enemy's challenge. "Here I am!" he cried, stepping forward. At almost the same instant, Sitting Bull shouted: *"Mni kte sni yelo. Hiyupo! Hoppo!"* (I am not going. Come On! Let's go!)

It was the signal to fight his loyal defenders awaited. Shots blasted out in the pale light; it is impossible to say which side fired first. Bullhead went down, shooting Sitting Bull in the back as he fell. Red Tomahawk pumped another slug into the betrayed chief as he staggered from the impact of Bullhead's bullet. Either shot would have been fatal.

Screeching their war cries, Sitting Bull's braves charged the police, shooting, clubbing, and stabbing. The fight swirled around the cabin in a blazing chaos of shouts, screams and gunfire. The gray circus horse, in automatic response to the familiar crackle of rifle shots, sat down and raised his right hoof in grave salute. The weird sight frightened the Indian Police, who thought the spirit of the murdered chief had entered into the horse.

The hand-to-hand fight was quickly over. Catch-the-Bear, Blackbird, Spotted-Horn-Bull, Brave Thunder and Jumping Bull lay dead beside the body of the chief they had sworn to protect with their lives. Jumping Bull's son, Chase-Wounded, was also killed.

Policemen Hawk Man, Broken Arm, Warriors-Fear-Him and Little Eagle were also dead. Lieutenant Bullhead and Sergeant Shave Head were fatally hit,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Middle badly wounded. Sergeant Red Tomahawk, succeeding to the command, sent off messengers to ask the troops to move in and drive off the rest of Sitting Bull's braves, who were still firing from the timber lining the nearby stream. The wounded and dead were carried into the cabin and placed on the floor.

Seventeen-year-old Crow Foot, another of Sitting Bull's sons, was found cowering beneath his father's mattress. The boy begged for his life, but the dying Bullhead whispered: "Kill him, they have killed me!" Red Tomahawk struck Crow Foot in the face, knocking him through the open door. He knelt on the blood-smeared earth, sobbing, "I want to live! Don't kill me!" Deliberately, a policeman raised his rifle and shot him through the heart.

Fourteen Sioux died in this brief, savage battle. Agent McLaughlin had won a bloody victory in this mission to arrest Sitting Bull—a mission he had won from the military by the singular assertion that only action by the Indian Police would "avert bloodshed."

The troops, moving in fully expecting to battle the "crazed Ghost Dancers," met no opposition whatever. Captain E. G. Fechet stated in his report: "The Indians fell back from every point upon the approach of the troops, not showing any desire to engage in hostile action against the soldiers." Not a shot was fired by the Indians, although a lone Sioux horseman testing the magic powers of his "bulletproof" Ghost Spirit, was fired upon. The daring experimenter deliberately drew fire by riding back and forth within easy rifle range. He was not hit, and galloped away to join his retreating comrades.

So died Sitting Bull, murdered by his own people. He was buried in a corner of the Post Cemetery at Fort Yates; buried in quicklime like the foulest of criminals. At Standing Rock, Agent McLaughlin declared: "The shot that killed him (Sitting Bull) put a stop forever to the domination of the ancient regime among the Sioux of the Standing Rock Reservation."

In that statement, at least, McLaughlin spoke truth of the assasinated chieftain. For assasinated he surely was; a fact which was recognized and publicized by the newspapers of the day. The *New York Herald* of December 17, 1890, contained this illuminating dispatch from its correspondent at Standing Rock Agency:

"It is stated today that there was a quiet understanding between the officers of the Indian and military departments that it would be impossible to bring Sitting Bull to Standing Rock alive, and that if brought in, nobody would know precisely what to do with him. He would, though under arrest, still be a source of great annoyance, and his followers would continue their dances and threats against neighboring settlers. There was, therefore, cruel as it may seem, a complete understanding from the Commanding Officer to the Indian Police that the slightest attempt to rescue the old medicine-man should be a signal to send Sitting Bull to the happy hunting ground."

THE END came swiftly for the harried Sioux; the murder of *Tatanka Iyotanke,* their great leader, broke the spirit of the boldest among them. Within a few days after the chief's death, 250 of his people came in quietly to Standing Rock Agency and surrendered, leaving

QUALITY WESTERN AMERICANA

from

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY

Box 230, Glendale, California

HERE IS ONE OF THOSE FINDS ANY WESTERNER WILL ENVY!

Now and then a book like this comes along which through salty personal reminiscences, offers fresh and original material recapturing a day gone by.

THE COWMAN'S SOUTHWEST by Angie Debo being the reminiscences of Oliver Nelson, freighter, camp cook, cowboy, frontiersman in Kansas. Indian Territory, Texas, and Oklahoma, 1878-1893.

Price $10.00 net, postpaid

Order from

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Box 230, Glendale, Calif.

Treasure Hunters—Join The Search!

PIRATES, HIGHWAYMEN, early settlers and explorers often were forced to bury their valuables for safe-keeping, or when pursued. It is estimated that lost treasure valued at hundreds of millions of dollars lies buried along our coasts, rivers and pioneer trails. Treasure hunters expect to recover millions of dollars' worth of gold, silver, coin, ivory, church ornaments, and jewelry this year.

We have available valuable information that every outdoorsman should possess. You can share in an exciting adventure and possibly be one of those who recover treasure. We will supply you with concise up-to-date material on over 100 lost treasures, perhaps some of them near you or the landmarks you pass each day. Send $5.00 cash, check or money order for "Treasure Trove" today.

SOUTHERN EXPLORERS EQUIPMENT CO.

Post Office Box 18065 **Houston 23, Texas**

BUY SURPLUS NOW DIRECT FROM U. S. GOVT. DEPOTS

TREMENDOUS SAVINGS— BUY AT FRACTION OF ARMY COSTS

FOR SALE—Boats; LST's; LCVP's; Aircrafts; Helicopters; Marine Engines; Radar; Sonar; Radiotelephones; Walkie-Talkies; Nautical Instruments; Electronics; Marine Equipment and Hardware; Misc. Also—Jeeps; Trucks; Tractors; Trailers; Amphibious Vehicles; etc.

SEND FOR: DEPOT LIST AND PROCEDURE $1.00

BRODY, Box 8-WS, Sunnyside 4, New York

INDIAN WAR BONNETS

Now you can own a full size, beautiful Indian Chief's War Bonnet (see illustration).

For Only $14.00

With your order we will send our 40 page illustrated catalog. Send $14.00 by check or money order. Note: Give hat size when ordering.

GREY OWL INDIAN CRAFT CO. 4518 7th Ave., Dept. DM-1 Brooklyn 20, N. Y.

FREE WESTERN WEAR CATALOGUE

from the

"Western Hat Center of the World"

LEADERS IN WESTERN WEAR SINCE 1919

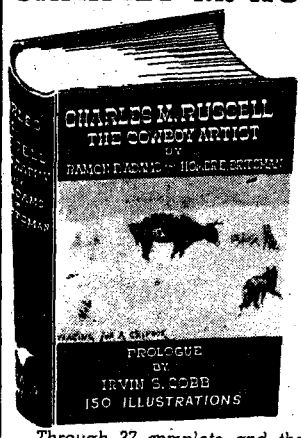
Luskey's Hatter FORT WORTH TEXAS

LUSKEY'S WESTERN STORE

DEPT. T 112 HOUSTON ST. FORT WORTH 2, TEXAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARLES M. RUSSELL



A Biography By Ramon Adams & Homer Britzman

Through 37 complete and thoroughly illustrated chapters the life and career of Charles M. Russell is traced from birth to death. The book is no dry biographical tome, but is a virile, rollicking, warm, humorous, fascinating and absorbing story of the life of the great cowboy Artist.

A book produced after 25 years of careful research—the first definitive biography of Russell—150 illustrations. An outstanding and lasting book from cover to cover.

"This is a book which will thoroughly delight all lovers of the West."
—*Rocky Mountain News*

392 pages—12 full pages in color. Large type, fully indexed, bibliographical check list, fine binding, full color end sheets and jacket. Size 6 x 9 inches. Price $7.50

TRAIL'S END PUBLISHING CO., INC.
Box 1887 Colorado Springs, Colo.

MEN'S NAVAJO BOOT

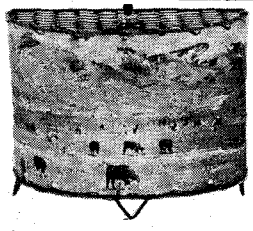
Original boot of comfort, inspired by the Navajo Indians. Rugged wearing qualities. White latigo rawhide soles; hand-moulded and laced for tough outdoor wear. Ties with rawhide thong, has silver conchas. sizes 6 to 12

Rust, brown suede, or natural smooth leather with rawhide sole **$10.95**

Same boot with soft sole **$6.95**

Send for free Moc folder

WESTERN BRANDS
DEPT. TW65 • ESTES PARK, COLORADO



TV PHOTO LAMP

Only **$4.95** plus postage

Lamp 7" high with beautiful 5x12" western scene (as shown) hand colored in oils. Complete with switch & cord; light globe not included. Only $4.95 plus 50c for postage. Can be personalized with your negative, picture or color slide for 50c extra. FREE details on other sizes.

CONAWAYS
Box 7261-TW San Antonio 10, Texas

WESTERN WEAR

FREE 56 PAGE CATALOG

LARGEST SELECTION OF WESTERN MERCHANDISE IN TEXAS: *SADDLES, BOOTS, HATS AND SADDLERY EQUIPMENT.*

Silver Spur P. O. BOX 1785-TAZ FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Unusual photo of Sitting Bull sent in by Hal Porter of Kenmare, N. D.

only about 125 still out. These fled south to the camp of Chief Hump on Cheyenne River, at the moutn of Cherry Creek.

Starving, half-clothed, terrified—these miserable fugitives feared that the troops were hot on their trail to kill or imprison them all. Talking calmly, Hump quieted their fears and promised to intercede with the soldiers for them. When officers of the Twelfth Infantry appeared in camp a few days later, Hump and his head men arranged for the surrender of Sitting Bull's people along with his own. Thirty-eight men, women and children, however, hurried on ninety miles to join Chief Big Foot's band at the mouth of Deep Creek, near the forks of the Cheyenne.

The arrival of the starving, despairing, half-frozen fugitives threw Big Foot's camp into a turmoil. The chief had been considering surrender to the cavalry of Colonel Sumner approaching his village, but now he was uncertain. Many of the younger braves, angry at the news of Sitting Bull's murder, wanted to fight. A council was called, and Big Foot announced that he would go alone into Sumner's camp and see what his intentions were. The chief had always considered Sumner a good friend, and now if ever was the time to test that friendship. Reluctantly the warriors agreed to Big Foot's plan.

On December 20, Big Foot went into Sumner's camp to parley. He admitted that some of Sitting Bull's people had joined his band, pointing out that they were relatives of his own people and would surely have died of hunger and cold if he had not taken them in. "Do not worry about that," Colonel Sumner replied. "You did a good thing by taking them in. We are all friends now and must be good to each other."

Nevertheless, the wary Sumner sent an officer with Big Foot to spend the night in the Indian camp and make sure the whole band surrendered the next morning. The surrender went through without a hitch, with Big Foot and nearly 200 of his own people along with the thirty-eight fugitives giving themselves up the next morning. The march for the Agency began.

Trouble exploded suddenly, with the Indians entering their cabins and barricading the doors. Big Foot declared that they could not be dislodged without a fight, and Sumner agreed. Hoping to avoid bloodshed, the Colonel withdrew his troops to a camp up the river. "Talk to your people," he told Big Foot. "Tell them that the bad times are all over and that we are not going to hurt them."

"I will try," promised the chief. "But they know that more soldiers are coming"—Colonel Merriam's command was marching to join Sumner—"and they fear these soldiers' hearts will be bad toward them. I don't think they will listen to me."

Big Foot was right. As soon as Sumner's troops were out of sight upriver, the Indians fled north toward the Bad Lands.

THE ARMY moved swiftly now to round up the scattered Sioux. Four troops of the Seventh Cavalry, under Major S. M. Whitside, found Big Foot's people straggling along Porcupine Tail Creek, now heading south in the general direction of Pine Ridge Agency. They submitted quietly. Closely guarded by the cavalry, they were marched to Wounded Knee Creek within twenty miles of the Agency and there put into temporary camp.

Informed by courier of the Indians' peaceful surrender, General Brooke at Pine Ridge sent out Colonel George A. Forsyth with another battalion of the Seventh Cavalry to "assist" Whitside. The Army now had 470 men with four Hotchkiss guns guarding 356 weary, hungry Indians, of whom 250 were women and children. The troopers of the Seventh, still smarting over the annihilation of Custer and his command fourteen years before, were ready to start blasting the instant the Sioux showed signs of fight. The four Hotchkiss guns were mounted on a ridge overlooking the camp and trained on the Sioux lodges.

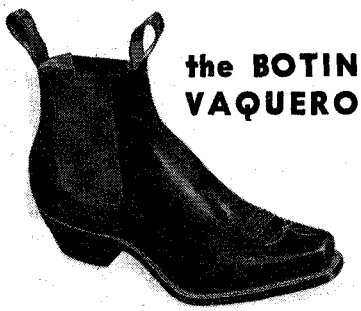
A fight with the soldiers was the one ultimate catastrophe that worried Big Foot. The old chief, seriously ill of pneumonia, knew that this ragged remnant of his people would be massacred if one of them fired a single shot. Big Foot cautioned his young men not to make trouble, and ordered that a white flag be raised over the camp as visible evidence that the Indians' intentions were peaceful. To further show his good will, the chief offered to send some of his warriors as scouts to help bring in the Sioux reported hiding out in the Bad Lands. His offer was accepted.

Colonel Forsyth, a tough Indian fighter on the order of Custer, surrounded the Indian camp with troops on the morning of December 20. All Indian men were then ordered out of the tents, leaving the women and children behind.

Wrapped in tattered blankets, their sick chief tottering in the lead, the braves came out. The interpreters barked orders, and the Indians squatted in a line facing the soldiers. More orders snapped out; the Sioux were to return to their lodges twenty at a time and return with their weapons. The first twenty warriors shuffled back with only two firearms—ancient muskets. Forsyth and Whitside held a hurried conference, and ordered the troops to search the tents for hidden guns. Women and children, crying and screaming, scuttled away in terror as the soldiers entered the lodges. The faces of the warriors darkened in helpless anger as they watched. This search turned up about forty guns, nearly all old muzzle-loaders, practically useless.

There are confused reports as to what happened next. One report states that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the BOTIN VAQUERO

TRES CABALLOS, bench-made cowboy shoe. Elastic sides, square toe last, 1½" under-slung heel. Reinforced steel arch. Pliable leathers assure an extra sturdy, glove fitting shoe. Sizes 4 to 13, medium and wide widths. Brown only No. 7051 **16.50**

$2 Deposit on C.O.D. Orders **Free Folder!**

Satisfaction guaranteed on every pair of shoes sold by

NAVARRO BROS.

204 SAN FRANCISCO ST. - DEPT. ITW
EL PASO, TEXAS

Free CATALOG OF AUTHENTIC WESTERN CLOTHING

Send for free, new colorful catalog showing authentic western wear and saddlery items at low, direct-to-you prices. The West's most complete selection of western wear! Get this catalog, the choice of western stockmen for over 30 years. Send for your free beautiful catalog, today!

BRANDING THE WEST WITH THE BEST

Miller Stockman Supply Co.

1251 Sixteenth St. Denver, Colo.

Books Found . . .

Out-of-print books at lowest prices!

You name it—we find it!

Western Americana and Indian Books a specialty. Fast service. Send us your wants —no obligation.

International Bookfinders

Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

Out of the Past — — —
ARROWHEAD JEWELRY!
EARRINGS:
Lrg., med., sm., $2.00 pr.
NECKLACE:
18" Chain .....$1.50 ea.
BOLO TIE:
Lrg. Arrowhead, $1.50 ea.
Stone Arrowhead Making Instructions. Illustrated, complete. $1.00 per copy.
ORDER NOW!
CHIEF BLACKHAWK, Box 564-TW, Kennewick, Wash.
(Dealers Prices on Doz. Lots)

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS CONSIDERED

by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty, national distribution, and beautifully designed books. All subjects welcomed. Write, or send your MS directly.

GREENWICH BOOK PUBLISHERS, INC.
Atten. Mr. ZELL 489 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Explore For Treasure!

Find gold, silver, coins, jewelry, battle relics! M-SCOPE Treasure-Metal Locators. Used World-wide. Guaranteed Proven Performance. Transistors, Fiberglas cases, lightweight. Also Geiger, Scintillation Counters, Mineralights. FREE Detailed Catalog. Easy Terms.

FISHER RESEARCH LAB., INC., Dept. TW-2, Palo Alto, Calif.

Yellow Bird, a medicine man, jumped up and started a Ghost Dance at this tense moment, then stopped his dancing and began to harangue the Sioux. Forsyth ordered an interpreter to tell Yellow Bird to shut up and sit down. The medicine man started to obey, when a brave pulled a gun from beneath his blanket and fired—and the massacre began.

Other reports state that the shooting started when the soldiers began to search the Indians for concealed weapons. Mari Sandoz writes in *The Buffalo Hunters:* "When no more weapons were found in the tents the troops prepared to search the warriors, but nobody knew quite how to do this dangerous thing. The Indian lets no one lay hands upon his body or the body of his people . . ."

Two soldiers tried to wrest a rifle from a young brave, and the weapon was discharged. Another Indian fired, and the troops poured in a volley at such close range the powder blast from their guns scorched the bodies of their victims. More than fifty of Big Foot's men fell at that first volley. The remaining warriors, armed mostly with knives, clubs, and a few revolvers, charged the cordon of troops in a gallant, hopeless attempt to break through their line and rescue the women and children.

On the ridge above the camp, Captain Capron saw the first shots fired and rapped an order to his gunners. Two-pound explosive shells poured into the Indian camp at the rate of nearly fifty a minute, blowing tents, women and children to pieces. A few escaped the terrible fire of the Hotchkiss guns, running down a dry ravine behind the camp.

Mercifully, the horrible affair was soon over with 200 Indians: men, women and children, lying dead or wounded about the camp. The soldiers suffered sixty casualties, including thirty-one killed; grim testimony to the valiant fight put up by the outgunned and outnumbered Sioux. A shocking aftermath to the slaughter came when the maddened troopers pursued the survivors—mostly women and children—and butchered them. A number of bodies were found fully two miles from the scene of the general massacre. The final Indian death count was about three hundred, two-thirds women and children.

Such was the "Battle" of Wounded Knee. Except for minor skirmishes, the frightful massacre ended the Sioux resistance to the Government. On New Year's Day, 1891, three days later, troops came to bury the dead and to bring in any wounded who might still be alive.

A blizzard had whipped across the field since the massacre. The bodies were found covered with snow, frozen stiff in the contorted positions assumed in their death agonies. Big Foot was found half-sitting, his hands raised in a pleading gesture, and a strange half-smile on his lips. Four babies were discovered still alive; each had been carefully wrapped in shawls by their wounded and dying mothers. One infant survived. One woman with a baby clasped to her breast had been shot down as she reached for the fallen flag of truce. Small children were found huddled in each others' arms, shot to death as they shrank in terror from their killers.

The Indians were buried in a mass grave, tossed into a long trench like sticks of cordwood, and covered with earth. Many of the bodies were stripped of their clothes; particularly the men

GROSS TAILORS, INC.

1346 LAWRENCE ST., DENVER 2, COLO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The **PIONEER WEAR** 100% virgin wool jacket favored by young cowboy Carl Shultz incorporates such quality features as the welt front, three-pointed back yoke, side slits and action back, and is priced about $33.75 at all good Western stores. If not available locally, write to:

PIONEER WEAR

Box A, 1718 Yale Blvd., SE, Albuquerque, N.M.
(Catalog available to dealers)

DON'T SACRIFICE QUALITY FOR PRICE!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

THE BLIZZARD KING

The newest style in boots, featuring the

TORNADO WRINKLES

is sweeping the country like a hurricane. Superb leather and all day foot comfort. Order yours now.

For the most complete selection of distinctive handmade boots, look for BORDER BOOTS—the Newest in fine boots and the Finest of new boots!

See your local dealer or write for FREE CATALOG.

BORDER BOOT COMPANY
P. O. BOX # 1089 EL PASO, TEXAS

CALIFORNIA'S MOTHER LODE!

Two new booklets about California's most historic Mother Lode towns.
VOLCANO—Unionists repel Rebels on streets of town; Vigilantes protect gold shipments. 26 photos.
COLOMA—Marshal discovers gold; untold facts behind tragic Coloma Vineyard House. 28 photos.
$1.00 each ppd. or $1.50 for both ppd.
CROSLEY BOOKS, Box 62, Universal City, Calif.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG!
Western Americana
10,000 VOLUMES IN STOCK
New—Used—Out-of-print—Rare. Wants Solicited—Quotations sent. "Books Shipped The World Over."
THE SHOREY BOOKSTORE
815 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Est. 1890 — "The West's Largest Bookstore"

wearing Ghost Shirts, as these garments were highly prized as souvenirs by the soldiers. Several of the more sensitive among the burial party became nauseated at the grisly sight. One remarked later: "It was a thing to melt the heart of a man, if it was of stone, to see those little children, with their bodies shot to pieces, thrown naked into the pit."

One final note of utter irony: Eighteen soldiers received the Medal of Honor for "supreme gallantry at the Battle of Wounded Knee."

List of sources for "Death On The North Plains":

BOOKS: *Sitting Bull,* by Stanley Vestal; *War Path and Council Fires,* by Stanley Vestal; *Custer's Luck,* by Edgar I. Stewart; *On the Border With Crook,* by Captain John G. Bourke; *The Fighting Cheyennes,* by George Bird Grinnell; *Crazy Horse,* by Mari Sandoz; *The Buffalo Hunters,* by Mari Sandoz; *Crazy Horse,* by E. A. Brininstool; *A History of the Dakota or Sioux Indians,* by Doane Robinson; and *A Sioux Chronicle,* by George E. Hyde. **NEWSPAPERS:** *The New York Herald* and *The Bismarck, North Dakota, Tribune.*

Last Hanging in Arizona

(Continued from page 17)

go had no revenge motive as had Rentezia. He was, like as not, having bitter moments of regret as the two bushed up outside in the dark, thinking up ways of finishing the murder job and locating the money.

But there were two men left alive in the house and the woman had spoken of a rifle, and as the night wore on the dread thought of capture crept into their cold-blooded calculations, and the hours were passing too quickly for the two Mexicans who dreaded the revealing light of daybreak.

For those inside the house, the hours dragged into eternity. The two men inside stood guard with the rifle, cold eyed and grim. Mrs. Goddard knelt beside her dying husband who told her to tell the Sheriff to look for a Mexican with a scar on his face.

But the faces of the two murderers would be forever stamped in the memory of the two women, burned like a branding iron deep in their hearts.

Charlie Goddard died during the night. The dawn came and those left alive faced the sunrise in silence.

The two killers were gone. The Sheriff at Prescott was notified. It was up to the law to pick up their trail.

THE CAPTURE

SHERIFF JOE ROBERTS was a six foot, well-built man, with a heavy black mustache that came down across the hard-bitten corners of his mouth. A kindly man, for the most part, slow to anger, soft spoken and well liked. But there was no trace of kindness in his puckered eyes when he rode up to Goddard's Station to pick up the cold trail the killers had left behind.

Sheriff Roberts was typical of his time, and in his own quiet way was thorough and efficient when it came to a manhunt. While his posse was cutting for sign, he stayed at Goddard's Station, asking questions in his own quiet way.

He struck paydirt when he talked to a Mexican sheepherder named Rodriguez, who had seen both killers prior to the murder and positively identified the men as the two he saw enter the house immediately previous to the shooting, between six and seven on the evening of February 1. After the shooting, Rodriguez ran to one of the neighbors but he did not give the alarm for fear the crime would be placed on him, nor did he say a word about what he knew until questioned by Sheriff Roberts two days later. He was able to give a detailed description of the two killers.

Sheriff Roberts lost no time in printing and broadcasting reward dodgers, which were mailed and posted everywhere throughout the Southwest country. Rodriguez knew the names of the two Mexicans and where they had come from. Francisco Rentezia came from Guanajato, Mexico. Hilario Hidalgo was a native of Chihuahua.

Sheriff Roberts gambled on the two killers going across the Mexican border, which he knew would involve miles of red tape before they could be extradited. He saw to it that the reward dodgers were posted in every conceivable place along the border.

It was about the first of April when Sheriff Roberts got word from Billy Blankenship at Naco that he had identified the two Mexicans described on the reward notice. They were working on the railroad just south of the international border.

Sheriff Roberts left immediately for the border to set his man hunter trap. He had to use caution. He knew if the killers smelled him out they would be gone before he could say scat. He set about hiring section hands, who succeeded in inducing the pair to cross to the American side on some pretext or other.

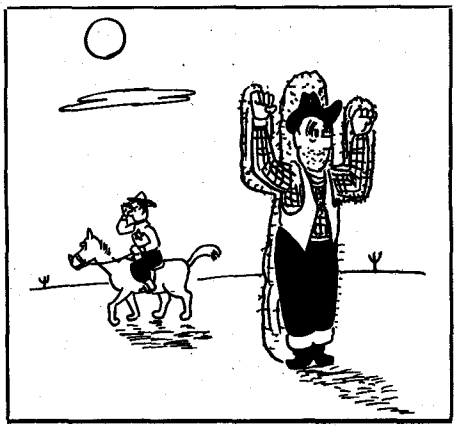
When they came across, they walked into Sheriff Roberts' man trap. The widow of Charlie Goddard made the trip to Naco to identify them. They were brought to Prescott in handcuffs and leg-irons and locked in the jail in the basement of the courthouse to await trial.

THE TRIAL

IN the District Court on June 2, 1903, the two Mexicans, charged with the Goddard and Cocke murders, appeared and entered pleas of Not Guilty. The case was set for June 10—Territory vs Francisco Rentezia and Hilario Hidalgo, indicted under the names of Richard Roe and John Doe.

Defense attorneys, C. N. Hicks and Leroy Anderson, were appointed by the court. Judge Sloan officiated and the twelve man jury was made up of prominent town citizens.

While the case was not one of the most important that had been tried in



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Improve Your
NIGHT DRIVING Vision
INSTANTLY

Now you can IMPROVE your NIGHT vision and ELIMINATE dangerous GLARE at once with this amazing new invention—LITENITE NIGHT DRIVING GLASSES. These remarkable glasses are made of special amber lenses that let through INFRA-RED light. INSTANTLY you see more clearly! Headlamps of oncoming cars look like soft amber lights—yet everything else is in sharp focus. Amazing, unbelievable until you actually put LITENITE on!

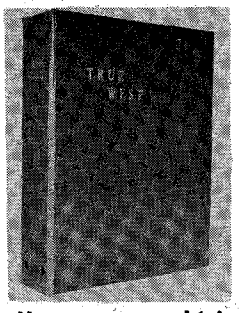
NOT THIS — But This

LITENITE are NOT sunglasses, but scientifically developed NIGHT LENSES used by airplane pilots to see more clearly through darkness and haze. Wonderful also for WALKING at night, TV and night sports. Beautifully made with 24-KARAT GOLD-PLATED Aviation frame, comfort temples, adjustable nose-pads, wide-angle lenses. FREE! Rich-looking Leatherette Carrying Case. TRY AT OUR RISK for full week. MONEY BACK if you don't say night driving is a pleasure! Send check or money order—or order COD plus postage. REGULAR Style only $2.98. CLIP-ON Style for use over prescription glasses only $2.25. State STYLE and whether for MAN or WOMAN.

Send for free catalog of gift items.

Stuyvesant Trading Co., Dept. TW-3
130 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

TRUE WEST MULTIPLE BINDER



Only $3.00 each
Postpaid

- Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of TRUE WEST at just $3.00 each, postpaid!
- TRUE WEST is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back covers.
- Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 12 issues. (Back issues available at 25c each). No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!

Circulation Department
TRUE WEST
P. O. Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing $.....Send.....
binders at $3.00 each to the following:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

the court for some time, it had been so well prepared and the evidence presented in such a manner that the trial was finished much quicker than expected.

The testimony of the seven witnesses examined by the prosecution was absolute and not to be questioned or doubted. The two widows positively identified the ruthless slayers of their husbands. Frank Goddard and Milton Turnbull also identified the killers.

"MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE WITH DEATH PENALTY AFFIXED." Such was the jury's verdict, after a deliberation of only half an hour after the case had been given to them.

The following Friday morning Judge Sloan set the date of execution as July 30, 1903.

The work of building the scaffold and enclosure was begun on July 27, on the east side of the courthouse.

THE INTERLUDE

THE barred windows of the jail cell in the basement of the Prescott Courthouse were on the south side, facing the street called Whisky Row.

It could have been in some saloon on Whisky Row that the two killers talked over their murder plan, their blood fired with rotgut and Rentezia brooding over the grudge he carried against Charlie Goddard, fingering the scar that ridged his swarthy face. It was in a gun shop on Whisky Row that the two men had bought their six-shooters a few days before the killings.

During the summer evenings the jail windows were open and the sounds of the celebrants on Whisky Row, within a stone's throw, filtered in to the ears of the two doomed men; and when the last of the tipsy revelers had lurched their way home and the town was hushed and quiet, the two condemned men stared with wakeful eyes into the darkness. Only they knew how they faced those nights that brought them a day closer to death.

During the day the sawing of pine boards and the hammering of nails sounded loud above the pounding of shod hoofs as cowboys came to town from nearby ranches and the rattle of wagon wheels, and the talk of free men who passed on foot.

Each sawed board, each driven spike, brought the two men that much closer to death. The ominous sound of the testing of the trap door, the sandbags gauged to each man's weight.

When there were no more sounds to be heard, the men knew that everything was in readiness, the stage set for the final act in the drama of death, and this was intermission.

Father Quetu was with the doomed men almost an hour previous to their execution. To him they said their last words and expressed their last hopes for a reprieve. They made their confessions. What they said was never known because the priest would not divulge their confession. But when the hour came for them to leave their cell for the last time, they arose saying, "God's will be done! We are sorry for our sins and hope God will receive us in Heaven."

That was practically an admission of guilt, and it was believed that at the very last they had told Father Quetu they had committed the crime.

THE HANGING

ACCORDING to the Revised Statutes of Arizona's Penal Code, it was obligatory to issue invitations to executions, and invitations reading as follows were

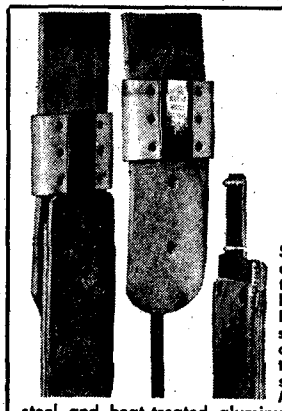
WOULD YOU LIKE THESE BOOTS MADE TO MEASURE!

Made by hand in Mexico over American lasts, 12 or 14 inch tops. Style 113 in Blue Top shown, butterfly inlay, grey vamp, black wing tips with white trim. Leather lined. Choice of colors in Kangaroo, Calf, reverse leather or other leathers.

42.50 Pr.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND EASY, SELF-MEASUREMENT PLAN

NAVARRO BROS.
204 SAN FRANCISCO ST. - DEPT. ITW
EL PASO, TEXAS



Blevins Stirrup Buckles
NEW, IMPROVED
$4.95 per pair

Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR
BLEVINS MFG. CO.
WHEATLAND, WYOMING

ABOUT TO RETIRE?
WHY NOT IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOTS IN ARIZONA?

Are you one who has worked hard all of your life, and who would like to spend the remainder in a sunny, scenic, healthful climate? I am sole owner of just such a spot, located in the Verde Valley in Northern Arizona. A place that attracts thousands of people each year. It is within short driving distance to such scenic places as Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, Oak Creek Canyon, and the Ghost Town, Jerome.

For those who enjoy hunting, it includes elk, deer, antelope, bear and turkey. There is trout fishing in beautiful Oak Creek. We have a dry, healthful year-round climate, very beneficial to those suffering from asthma, sinus, arthritis, and all other diseases requiring a dry climate. One of the finest hospitals in the entire west is located here.

I have at the present time 2 beautiful homes for immediate occupancy, or I'm in a position to build you your dream home according to specifications. There are FREE color photographs for the asking. For further information, write

F. E. BRADLEY
Box 334 Sedona, Arizona

WESTERN MERCHANDISE
• BOOTS • SADDLERY EQUIPMENT
• HATS • SADDLES
• WESTERN WEAR • CHAPS
56 PAGE FREE CATALOG
LARGEST WESTERN STORE IN TEXAS
All Merchandise Fully Guaranteed
Silver Spur P. O. BOX 1785 AZ FORT WORTH, TEXAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOTIN CHARRO

Bench-made by TRES CABALLOS. Glove fitting ankle support. Elastic sides, pliable sturdy soles. Rounded toes! Choice of two heels—1¼" heel with rubber tap, or a flat Oxford leather heel. In black or brown. Sizes 4-13! All widths AAA to E.

No. 607 **$15**

$2. Deposit on C.O.D. Orders

Free Folder!

Satisfaction guaranteed on every pair of shoes sold by

NAVARRO BROS.

204 SAN FRANCISCO ST. - DEPT. ITW
EL PASO, TEXAS

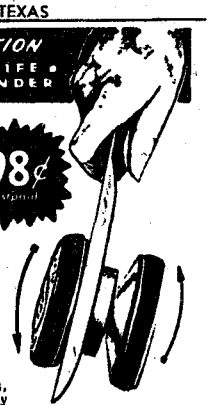
AMAZING INVENTION
ROLIT • KNIFE • GRINDER

SAVES TIME AND MONEY

98¢ postpaid

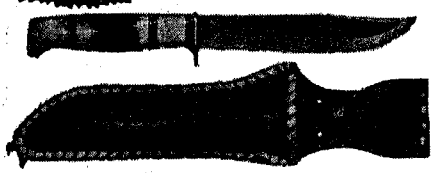
NOW! SHARPEN KNIVES LIKE AN EXPERT!

With amazing Rolit grinder, you "roll" any dull knife into razor sharpness . . . fast! Sharper than when it was new! Simple to use—safe—gives scientific edge to any blade. Perfect for pocket knives, hunting knives, etc. Ready to use instantly at home or afield. Pays for itself on one or two jobs! Send for your Rolit today. Only 98c ppd. (send dollar, get 2c refund). Satisfaction guaranteed!



FERN 1341 W. 67th, Chicago 36, Ill.

WORLD'S FINEST **HUNTING KNIVES** Custom Made by **MORSETH**



INLAID BLADE

Morseth Knives acclaimed by guides, hunters, experts! Super-tough inlaid blades stay razor-sharp. Lifetime guarantee against accidental blade breakage! Patented fibre lined Safe-Lok sheath protects wearer! Knif shown, with 6" blade, laced leather sheath, $18.00 postpaid. Other models, 5" & 6" blades, $8.75 - $20.00. Send 3c stamp for folder!

MORSETH SPORTS EQUIPMENT
Dept. TW Clinton, Washington

HEADQUARTERS FOR SADDLE CLUB

made-to-order Western shirts and pants. Gabardines, satins, cottons, woolens. Fancy embroidered parade suits, band uniforms.

STYLE-SELECT UNIFORM CO.
725 W. Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia.

THE CACTUS KID

Your .22 Cal. Dream Gun. This slide rod Westerner only $35.95 with beautiful Western hand tooled holster Compare with other Slide Rods selling at $63.00 up. Dealers Wanted.

BUDDIE ARMS CO.
2226 E. Lancaster Ft. Worth, Texas

mailed by Joseph Roberts, Sheriff of Yavapai County.

"With feelings of profound regret and sorrow, I hereby invite you to attend and witness the private and decent and humane execution of two human beings, namely: Richard Roe and John Doe. Crime—Murder.

"Said men will be executed on July 30, 1903, at 12 Noon. You are expected to deport yourself in a respectful manner and any flippant or unseemly language or conduct on your part will not be allowed. Conduct on anyone's part bordering on ribaldry and tending to mar the solemnity of the occasion will not be tolerated."

No cloud dimmed the blue sky on that day, July 30, 1903, that was to see the last legal hanging to take place in Arizona.

As early as 10:30 a.m. the plaza began to fill with men and the front door of the courthouse was guarded by Deputy Sheriff Nobles, who admitted none but those holding invitations to the execution.

As fast as admitted the spectators went downstairs and out through a side door to the walled enclosure, in the northeast corner of which was the scaffold, the two ropes with hangman's knots draped over the beam across the scaffold platform.

While the sun was warm that day, there was a cold chill in the heart of more than one spectator, and there were no whispered words of sympathy expressed for the men soon to hang.

By eleven o'clock the last of the invited spectators were inside the board walls. Some had come prepared with cameras to take pictures of the last act in the drama.

About 11:20 a.m. Father Quetu came through the door that led from the jail, followed by the two prisoners who were escorted by Sheriff Roberts and his deputies. There was a pall-like hush, like an invisible shroud that chilled the heat of the sun in the cloudless sky. Every man there felt the chill in the passing of the solemn procession that walked to the scaffold and slowly climbed the thirteen steps to the platform.

Both prisoners wore new black suits and white shirts and black bow ties, their black shoes polished. Both were very pale but were outwardly calm and self-possessed.

The two men stood there for a long moment, then knelt with the priest on the trap door that was to send them to their deaths. Each had a prayer book in his hand and each man repeated the prayer said by Father Quetu. When the priest arose, both men got to their feet, signifying their willingness to proceed with the execution.

Hilario Hidalgo seemed the braver of the two, and while the deputies strapped their legs together, Hidalgo caught sight of a friend, Frank Ruiz, standing in the crowd below. His white teeth bared in a smile. "*Adios*, Frankie!" he called out in a firm voice. Then he saw another friend and spoke to Rentezia in Spanish. "There's our *compadre* Charlie." And a forced smile passed like a fleeting ghost across the face of Francisco Rentezia who had plotted the murder.

When the deputies had finished their grim job of trussing the two men and the black hoods were dropping over their heads, Hidalgo called out in a voice that held no fear, no animosity, "*Adios, amigos! Adios,* everybody!"

A moment after the words left his lips, Sheriff Roberts pulled the lever that dropped the killers to their death. A split-second later came the dull thud as the bodies jerked the ropes taut. The dull sickening sound passed over the crowd and each one felt it against his eardrums.

A ragged square of sunlight appeared in the dark shadow below the gallows platform where the noon-high sun came through the trap door opening, shadowed by the two hanged men.

Hidalgo, the heavier of the two, stretched limp and motionless, his neck broken instantly by the fall. Rentezia's lighter body lacked sufficient weight to break his neck and his legs hinged upward in a last spasm as he choked to death.

Perhaps Rentezia was unconscious and had no power to think. On the other hand, perhaps the murderer was given those last brief seconds for final repentance.

Doctors Smith and Fitzsimmons examined the two bodies and pronounced both men dead in a fraction less than eleven minutes after the trap was sprung.

Big Foot Wallace and the Little Author

(Continued from page 9)

though I had swallowed a quart of it."

"Then," said I, "you are safe. A most extraordinary escape, truly."

"But what was that stuff you gave me just now?" he said, still gasping and sputtering.

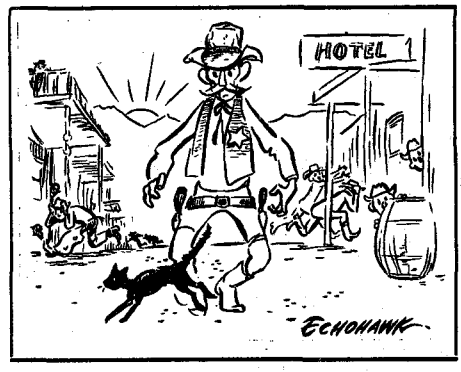
"Oh, that?" I said. "That is an antidote I got from Puppy's Foot, the Tonkaway chief; if taken in time, it will kill the poison of the most venomous snake."

"I've no doubt of that," said our author. "It's hot enough to scald the throat out of old Satan himself. Give me some water, for mercy's sake."

I handed him the gourd and he took a long swig. Then he seated himself on a log by the fire and persisted in sitting up the balance of the night.

The next morning, the little author looked so haggard after his encounter with the snake, I really felt sorry for him and resolved to play no more such jokes. However, he got such a scare that from that time until his return to the settlements, he never slept again upon the ground. By means of a blanket and a staking rope, the first thing he did when we stopped to camp was to rig up an impromptu hammock, which he would stretch between two trees, out of the reach of snakes, and in this airy roost, he would swing till morning.

DAY after day, we followed our Indian trail doggedly, never leaving it



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

except in search of a camping-place for the night. On the morning of the fifteenth day after leaving my ranch, we struck the range of high hills in which the headwaters of the Guadalupe take their rise. Here the trail was so fresh that I determined to move with the utmost caution. I could hope to effect nothing of importance with my small force except by taking the Indians by surprise.

I therefore struck camp in a little valley shut in on all sides by hills, and sent forward on foot two of my most experienced trailers to reconnoitre. For fear some straggling Indians might be in the vicinity, I issued strict orders against the firing of guns.

But a short time after we had halted, I heard the report of a gun in camp. I looked up just in time to stop big Bill Hawkins from beating our little author with a stick.

"Look what he's done to me!" Hawkins cried, pulling at a few crisped remnants of hair that were left hanging to one side of his head. "He let that scatter gun go off in my face and hasn't left enough hair on my head for a nit to hatch in! I smell like a singed 'possum. That little varmint ain't fit to handle a gun."

"See here, my friend," said the author, stepping boldly forward and shucking his coat, "the firing of my gun was entirely accidental, and I'm sorry I singed your hair; but if you're determined to make a fighting matter of it, you can pitch in as soon as you please."

Bill weighed about two hundred pounds, exclusive of accoutrements, and was known all over the country as the toughest hand in a bear-fight west of the Colorado River. But when he saw the little author spunking up to him, his anger was gone in a minute.

"Well," said he, a grin spreading his weather-beaten features, "I 'spose the gun did go off accidental. We'll not fight about it this time. For the fact is," looking down upon the scant pattern of the author, "you rather oversize my pile." And Bill stalked back to his camp, smoothing as he went, the singed remnants of his yellow locks.

A LITTLE before sundown, the trailers I had sent out reported a large Indian camp about six miles away; they were confident that the Indians did not suspect our proximity.

I determined to reach their camp about daylight the next morning; so by about 3 o'clock we were all mounted and on the trail. There was no moon, and the night was very dark, but we had no difficulty in following the trail, as our guides had so recently passed over it.

Just as the first streak of daylight became visible in the east, we came in view of the Indian encampment. It was situated in a pecan grove in the centre of a beautiful valley, hemmed in by high rugged hills on all sides except in the direction we were approaching it. The smokes from their smouldering fires rose in slim straight columns above the trees, and not a sound disturbed the deep silence except the occasional yelp of a cur in the encampment or the distant howling of a wolf among the hills.

The Indians had evidently had no notice of our approach. As I gazed upon the peaceful scene, I felt some compunction for the bloody awakening I was soon to give my old neighbors, but when I thought of the trick they had played me, I dismissed all such ideas and made arrangements for an immediate attack.

About one-half of my men, led by Nathan, an old Rocky Mountain hunter, I sent around to the left under cover of a low range of hills. They had instructions to attack from the rear whilst I slowly moved forward with the balance to attack from the front. A discharge of guns from Nathan was to be a signal for a general assault.

I advanced my party to within one hundred and fifty yards of the encampment under cover of a thicket of dogwood, and there halted to wait for the signal. When it came, we put spurs to our horses and dashed furiously into the Indian village. Dismounting, we poured in a deadly fire from our rifles and repeaters as the warriors rushed out, confused and frightened, from the doors of their lodges.

But although taken completely by surprise, they fought with great desperation and obstinacy, and for half an hour the possession of the camp was hotly contested. At one time I thought I should be compelled to beat a retreat, for the Indians greatly outnumbered us. But the fall of one of their head chiefs threw them into momentary confusion, and taking advantage of it, we charged so vigorously that they slowly retreated into a thick chaparral, leaving twenty-seven of their warriors dead upon the ground.

During the fight, I noticed our author pegging away with his little bird-gun, yelling like a tiger cat whenever he saw an Indian fall. But I am sure, although his will was good, that nothing ever fell before his fire except the top of a mesquite bush a few feet from the muzzle of his gun. He was, however, evidently under the impression that everything depended upon his personal exertions, and he blazed away and hurrahed and jumped around, ordering this one to do that, and that one to do this, until he was in a lather of sweat, and looked like a stunted coal-heaver, on account of the gunpowder he had smeared over his hands and face.

The men, of course, paid no attention to his orders; but the little author rose a hundred per cent in their estimation from the courage he displayed and the recklessness with which he exposed himself to the fire of the Indians.

The Indians lost no time after their first retreat. They went quickly to the place where they had their horses staked out. Mounting, they returned and renewed the fight with greater obstinacy than ever.

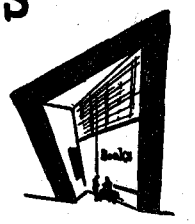
We mounted also, and the contest for possession of the village was continued for half an hour longer. They outnumbered us still at least two to one, but the superiority of our weapons, especially our revolvers, which at that time were almost unknown to the Indians, more than made up for our deficiency in numbers. They at length gave way, breaking up into little squads and fleeing in every direction before my men, who followed in the same disorderly manner.

Just at this stage of the game. I looked around to see our little author coming full split toward me up the open valley to my left. On old Paint, bareheaded and apparently unarmed, he had half a dozen mounted Indians in close pursuit.

Two or three of us spurred our horses and galloped out to help him, but the Indians were closing in so fast that I had but faint hope we could reach him before they did. The foremost Indian

McMurray's

the personal Bookshop



Offers The Best

In Western Books

FIGHTING EDITORS by Joan Schmitt
This is a group of true experiences of frontier editors who with sheer guts, a few broken down fonts of type, a hand composing stick and a hand-operated flat-bed press brought justice, law and order to the roughest parts of the West. $3.95

ROY BEAN: LAW WEST OF THE PECOS by C. L. Sonnichsen
A re-issue of a witty and colorful biography of the immortal Judge Roy Bean of the Southwest. $5.00

THE OUTLAW TRAIL: A HISTORY OF BUTCH CASSIDY AND HIS WILD BUNCH by Charles Kelly
Originally issued by the author in a small edition which soon became an expensive collector's item, this is the true story of George LeRoy Parker, born of respectable Mormon parents and perhaps the most daring outlaw the West ever produced. $6.50

CROW KILLER: THE SAGA OF LIVER-EATING JOHNSON by Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker
A rare piece of authentic folk history—how a lusty mountain man, who swore vengence on the Crow Indians, single handedly tracked down and killed 300 warriors. $3.75

THE GREAT DIAMOND HOAX And Other Stirring Incidents In The Life Of Asbury Harpending
The fantastic story of the fabulous diamond mine swindle of the 1870's by the (scamp, rogue, scoundrel and genius) who was accused of engineering the scheme. $2.00

FABULOUS QUARTER HORSE: STEEL DUST by Wayne Gard
The myth, the legend, the long-awaited true story of the greatest quarter horse of them all. $5.00

THE CATTLEMEN by Mari Sandoz
America in the raw—moving across limitless distances; the clash of lawlessness and greed with legitimate ambition; gunplay, violence and bloodshed—all recounted in earthy human terms. $6.50

BUCKSKIN AND SPURS by Glenn Shirley
A dozen salty accounts more thrilling than fiction of authentic characters in the wild era during the last half of the 19th Century and early years of this. $5.00

THE GENTLE TAMERS by Dee Brown
The individual stories of women famed in the annals of the West. All aspects of their lives, which included a good deal about the Western male, are covered more completely and authentically here than in any other single work. Lively, informal and soundly factual. $5.00

AMERICAN KNIVES by Harold L. Peterson
The first history and collector's guide to the relatively unexplored field of knives. Almost 200 photographs and line drawings plus much needed information in textual form. $4.95

We Will Be Glad To Supply Any Book In Print

McMurray's Bookshop
1411 Commerce
Dallas 1, Texas

☐ Cash
☐ C.O.D.
☐ Chg. my Acct.

Please send the following books which I have checked below.

( ) Fighting Editors $3.95
( ) Roy Bean: Law West of The Pecos $5.00
( ) The Outlaw Trail $6.50
( ) Crow Killer: The Saga of Liver-Eating Johnson $3.75
( ) The Great Diamond Hoax $2.00
( ) Fabulous Quarter Horse: Steel Dust $5.00
( ) The Cattlemen $6.50
( ) Buckskin and Spurs $5.00
( ) The Gentle Tamers $5.00
( ) American Knives $4.95

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHERIDAN
"KNOCABOUT"
STURDY INEXPENSIVE
.22 PISTOL
SHOOTS ALL .22 CAL. RIM-FIRE
AMMUNITION INCLUDING HIGH SPEEDS

Manufacturers of the famous line of Sheridan rifles now offer an outstanding dollar value in the new, inexpensive "Knocabout" .22 Cal. single-shot pistol. Modern in design and ingeniously engineered, it fills the need in the field for a practical utility gun at a popular price.

ONLY
$17.95
Tax Incl.

EXTRA VALUE FEATURES . . .
- Flat, compact design
- Sleek-Lined Look
- Husky action
- Shoots all .22 cal. rim-fire ammunition including High Speeds
- Anti-jerk, squeeze-type trigger
- Oversize rotary bolt safety
- Positive extractor
- 5" alloy steel barrel
- Dependable sights and accuracy

The proved, tip-up principle of operation assures users of simplified shooting, years of accurate, trouble-free service.

Sheridan's experienced design engineers have created and built an inexpensive pistol that performs beautifully . . . a modern-styled gun that's compact, sturdy and accurate. For hunters, trappers, fishermen, plinkers, campers, and for personal protection. Ideal, too, for home range practice the "Knocabout" will give you a new thrill in leisurely, economical pistol shooting.

Write for free folder
SHERIDAN PRODUCTS INC
Dept. 194-G RACINE, WISCONSIN

LEE DOT RETICULE

First in the field, first in sales. A custom product, of utmost precision, by master craftsmen. Factory equipment, world's finest scopes, target and hunting. Faster, easier, more accurate aim. Direct 24-hour service, or see your Dealer. Free literature and price list. Also sell *many makes, models,* scopes retail and wholesale.

T. K. LEE CO. P. O. Box 2123, Dept. TW Birmingham, Alabama

MOOSE HEAD RANCH
Located in beautiful, historic Jackson Hole, near Grand Teton and Yellowstone Parks
Informal, hospitable, ideal for families. Cool climate, fine food, modern accommodations. Features outdoor recreation with plenty of riding, fishing, hunting.
Accommodations for the ladies while the men folks hunt—fun for everyone. References required.
Summer season May 15 to Nov. 1st. Big Game Hunting Sept. 10 to Nov. 10th. No antelope in Jackson Hole area. Elk license limited by the state: were sold out by June 15th in 1956. Information, rates write
FRED J. TOPPING Jackson Exchange: 029-R3
Moose Head Ranch, Jackson Hole, Elk P.O., Wyo.

Tame that kick with The In-Built

Streamline PATENT PENDING MUZZLE BRAKE
Guaranteed work. CONTROLLED escape for highest braking and less blast. $25 installed, plus return of barreled receiver. Folder.
PENDLETON GUNSHOP 223 SE Court Ave. Pendleton, Oregon

rode up so near that we saw him draw back his lance to drive it through our little friend. At that moment, I gave him up for lost.

But the little author had his wits fully about him. Just at this crisis, he snatched his "umbrell" from behind his saddle, and suddenly wheeling old Paint, he flopped it open right in the eyes of the Indians' horses.

The effect of this masterly movement was magical. The Indians' horses stopped for a second as suddenly as if they had been turned to stone, and gazed with terror on the strange object presented toward them; then wheeling as quick as lightning, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, they dashed off like mad in the direction they had come.

In a few minutes, the little author trotted up to us, looking as pleased as a basket of chips, and smiling as complacently as if he thought it no ways strange that he should have routed a half dozen warriors with nothing but an umbrella.

By now several of the men were free of the fight and had gathered around to watch the whole proceeding. They were so tickled with the author's recklessness that they welcomed him with a shout that might have been heard for a mile.

"Darn my hind sights," said Bill Sykes, an old frontiersman and Indian fighter, "ef this ain't the first time I ever knowed or hearn tell of a gang of Injuns bein' whipped with an umbrell. Ef the fellow would only put it up at auction, I'd bid high on it myself, I would; I'd rather have that umbrell than a pair of Derringers, any day."

"I do believe," said another, "that our little author has backbone enough for a feller three times his length. If Big Foot gits upped (killed) on this scout, I'll vote for him to be captain, sure. Don't care if he does fill his saddle-wallets with rocks and totes a pepper-box for a repeater. He's true blue and no mistake."

WHEN we got back to the village, we found the men collecting plunder the Indians had stowed away in their lodges, and piling it up in the centre of the square for distribution. The amount of it was truly astonishing. Kegs of powder, sacks of lead, bales of blankets, dry goods, brass kettles, beads, skins, buffalo robes, cutlery and hardware, a great variety of camping and hunting equipment, mostly of their own manufacture.

About this time, some of the men came riding in with one hundred and seventy head of horses and mules which they had found penned in a nearby corral. Among them were most of those that had been stolen from me.

Altogether, the Indians had lost forty-eight men, while I had but two men killed and five wounded. The Lipans never recovered from the blow we gave them on this occasion. From having been a formidable tribe, able to send out six or eight hundred warriors into the field, they rapidly dwindled away until now they scarcely number a hundred souls.

And our little author had his part in their defeat.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on our way back home, and I parted with him at San Antonio. He promised me faithfully to send me a copy of his book as soon as it was published, but I never got it. Nor do I know to this day whether or not he has ever exposed, as he threatened to do, the "humbuggeries" of Mr. Cooper, in his own great novel, the *Wayworn Wanderer of the Western Wilds.*

Jerk Line Jockey

(Continued from page 23)

come off, jeopardizing the whole valuable cargo of one wagon.

The skinner had to cross treacherous fords and sandy deserts; climb tortuous mountains; uncouple his wagons and pull them one at a time around hairpin turns and then re-couple them all alone. He camped at night beside the nearest stream or water hole; hobbled his horses and turned them loose to graze with a big noisy cowbell attached to one of them; cooked his supper over a campfire and spread his bedroll under one of the wagons.

Some of his trips took a week or more, in all kinds of weather and over all kinds of terrain, but he got the job done. A lot of people, isolated and almost entirely dependent upon him for supplies, were made happy at the end of his long journey. His arrival was an occasion for a celebration in the remote settlements.

The skinner took great pride in his outfit and good care of his team and wagons. At the railroad town or river town where he loaded up, the freighter usually spent several days to a week having his horses shod and their sore shoulders doctored up. He had his wagons and harness repaired, brakes relined and adjusted, tires reset and axles greased.

The loading and checking of his cargo also took considerable time, for he was obliged to maneuver and spot his three separate wagons at numerous loading platforms before the entire train was loaded, hooked together, tarpaulins lashed down and the rigging strung out for departure. The heavy draw chain was carefully inspected for weakened links, as were also the stretchers and all the harness.

A good span of leaders was indispensible to a freighter, and was his pride and joy. An exceptionally good line horse was practically priceless, and many of them were actually famous in the territory they served, even with the kids of the neighborhood.

While rounding sharp turns in the trail, the extreme length of the outfit required the leaders to pull straight ahead at the turn and leave the road entirely in order to keep the long draw chain taut and straight and swing it gradually in a wide arc to prevent cramping the outfit against the inside of the turn. This often compelled the leaders to climb up or down over steep and rocky hillsides which bruised their legs and hoofs, or to force their way through heavy thickets of underbrush which scratched their bodies. Thus the snappy and intelligent leaders became, in effect, not only the guides and interpreters for the entire team, but also the trail-battered "prow of the ship," so to speak.

The other two key spans in this remarkable outfit, the pointers and wheelers, were also vitally important. They too had to possess specialized training and certain qualifications not usually found or necessary in any of the intermediate spans, the plain "luggers" of the team.

THE wheelers were mighty animals, much larger, heavier and more pow-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erful than any of the other spans. Their burden and function consisted mainly of controlling the heavy swinging tongue of the lead wagon, and maintaining the momentum of the train momentarily at times while the rest of the team were maneuvered and shifted to conform to the changing requirements of the road. Rounding sharp curves in the road, which compelled the leaders to swing wide and gradually, required such maneuvering at the rear of the team. During the critical stage of the turn, the wheelers were assisted by the span immediately ahead of them known as "pointers" or the "swing span." This pair of animals, while plenty husky themselves, were exceptionally agile for their size and weight. The pointers were equivalent in comparison to light-heavyweight boxers in the prize ring, who pack about the same punch but possess faster reflexes and neater footwork than the clumsier heavyweights.

At the critical stage of the turn, the inside pointer would jump over the draw chain at an oral command and join his mate on the outside of the chain, both of them pulling off at an angle oblique to the draw chain in order to counteract the too rapid side pull on the swinging rigging which the wheelers alone could not combat.

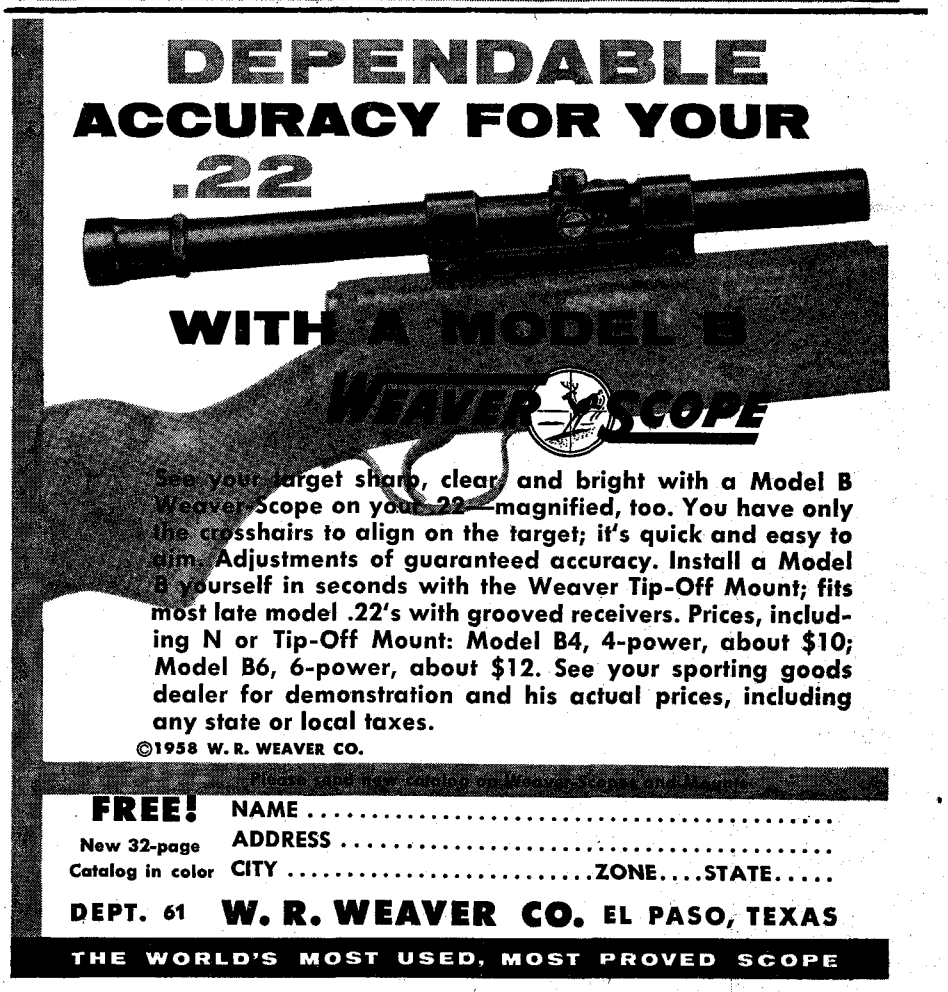
When the road straightened out again and the side tension on the long draw chain was relieved, the pointer jumped back over the chain into his original position opposite his mate. During both these chain-hopping occasions the driver flipped the jerk line over his head, and that is the reason why it was not attached to the harness of the two rear spans in keepers, as it was on all the other spans.

In extremely tough spots along the road, such as a treacherous ford, sandy and boggy spots, and rounding hairpin turns in the mountains, the skinner had to uncouple his wagons, pull them out to suitable footing one at a time and then re-couple them. After the lead wagon was pulled out to safety, then the ponderous rigging had to be transferred each time to the next wagon and the process repeated.

As each wagon was pulled into the coupling position, still another hitch adjustment had to be made because the short stubby trailer tongues of the two rear wagons would not permit a complete connection with horses between the two wagons. So a "snatch" team of one span—usually the husky wheelers—completed the hooking up job hitched alongside the trail wagon. The skinner handled the snatch team, steered the tongue into place, and inserted the coupling pin all at the same time. He didn't handle this snatch team by manual manipulation, but entirely by oral commands while he made the necessary connections.

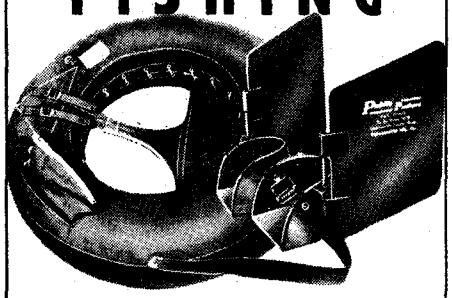
This would have been an ordeal for any one man in ideal weather—but imagine the process in a downpour of rain, in a driving blizzard, or in biting, bitter cold winds and sandstorms! Imagine the lone skinner wallowing through mud, slush or ice-water knee deep, trying to adjust his sloppy rigging with hands so numb they felt like clubs, while his animals became nervous and impatient with discomfort and the disruption in the regular routine.

THE above are only a few of the ordinary routine hardships, handicaps and hazards endured trip after trip by the men who supplied the Western pioneers with food, clothing, medical sup-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more fish...more FUN!
in FLOAT FISHING



OUR CUSTOM TUBE COVER
made of heavy weather resistant canvas, will support up to 250 lb. fisherman safely.

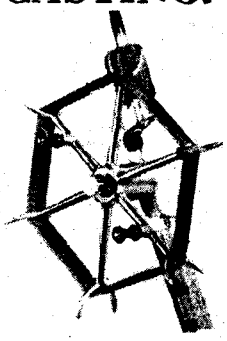
PADDLE PUSHERS
Designed to give the Float Fisherman hands free propulsion with positive control. Thousands now in use.
only 8.95 pr.

Custom Tube Cover with pouch adjustable seat and shoulder straps.
18.95

For full detail and literature clip ad and mail today. Print return address.
FISHMASTER MFG. CO.
1215 N. Kentucky
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Best for BAIT CASTING!

The Large Type, Ball Bearing, Level Winding, Line Drying, Die-cast aluminum, 7 inch diameter.
NO BACKLASH
KIEST REEL
$13.95 postpaid



King of the large type reels for over 25 years
Order from your dealer or direct.
HENRY A. KIEST REEL CO.
Knox, Indiana

STOP Mosquitoes Chiggers Black Flies Ticks

QUICK-SAFE-SURE
A few-seconds spray protects all day! Simply mist on skin and clothes. Perfect insect shield for sportsmen, vacationers, all who play or work outdoors.
Only 98¢
At Drug, Sports & Hardware Stores
America's No. 1 Spray-On INSECT REPELLENT

plies, fuel for their lamps, weapons and ammunition for self-defense, and tools and hardware essential for their existence. Small wonder the skinner was a spectacular and picturesque figure to the people in the railroad towns and river towns where he loaded up his train. He was even more highly regarded and for different reasons by the people at the end of his journey. There he was truly a "wheel horse knight" returning to his own domain, for he usually supplied an exclusive territory regularly and his arrival at long intervals was an occasion for great rejoicing.

Indeed, there was good reason for such rejoicing. There, behind that weary, sweat-encrusted team, in those groaning, swaying, chuckling wagons covered with the dust of the desert and the mud of tortuous mountain ravines, came —among other things too numerous to recount—dry goods and dress material for the housewives; candy, toys and knick-knacks for the children; saddles, guns, harness and tools for the men folk; fresh coffee, food supplies, and even a keg or two of whiskey for the whole community to enjoy.

No returning conqueror at the head of his battered legions was ever hailed with greater enthusiasm than this long-line skinner who had defied hostile elements of both Nature and Man to ride triumphant into the midst of a joyous throng. No man in the colorful history of the American frontier so richly deserves belated recognition as he.

"The Heck You Say, Dr. Harrington!"

(Continued from page 15)

for finding the real treasures of the outdoors which will grow richer with the passing of each year and can never be spent. Golden memories of the cool water of mountain streams, majestic timbered mountains with meadows of tall grass, plentiful game, spacious skies and nights of glory when you own the world and millions of stars as your chest-full of diamonds. Sizzling bacon in the skillet on a frosty morning and steaming hot coffee from a can, and your life free from the speeding rush of the hectic times we live today. All these treasures come from prospecting—and where is the gold that can match it?

As I see it, the trouble with Dr. Harrington is that he has probably missed the truest treasures of life. Just look around you, Doc, at this wonderful world of ours. Right now you can't see the forest for the trees, but the treasures are all around you. Learn to enjoy them, man; it's later than you think!

That's all, Joe; enough is enough. Life *is* worth living; lost mines *are* worth hunting, and I enjoy doing both. In fact, in *my* book the two are inseparable.—Virgil Hutton, 2909 North Avenue, Grand Junction, Colorado.

Thanks, Virgil. That's about the way we figure it, too—Joe.

Excerpts From Other Letters Received

Dear Editor:

I never miss *True West,* and especially enjoy the stories of lost mines. I would surely hate to see them dropped from the magazine. I do, however, agree with Dr. Harrington in regard to them. But they are fascinating to read about, and so I hope you continue to publish them for what they are worth. Every mining locality has its own pet fable, and they are all fun to read.—Huntley Hargrove, Gallatin Gateway, Montana.

Dear Editor:

In a recent issue of *True West* there was an article entitled "I'm *Sick* of Lost Mines!" I appreciated this article very much, and find that it expresses my sentiments almost perfectly. I too have heard many versions of lost mine stories. In fact, as a lad of 19, I walked 400 miles looking for one in Mexico.

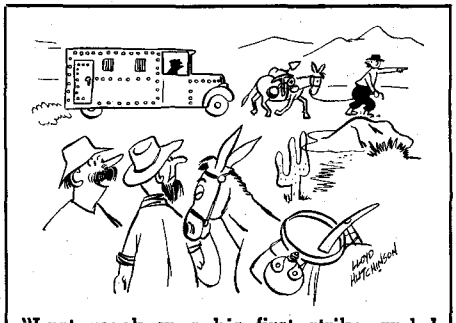
Three of us—a Chicago Jew, an Indiana Hoosier, and a Rebel from Mississippi (myself)—were walking through the Plaza in El Paso, Texas, one night back in 1928. We were approached by an elderly man who asked us for money for bed and a meal. We accommodated him, and by way of gratitude he told us the story of a "Lost Mother Lode Mine" on the Sonora-Chihuahua line about fifty miles west of Casa Grandes, Chihuahua.

Naturally we asked him why *he* didn't go and get this gold. His pathetic reply was that he was too old and not long for this world. (He was about 65, and mere age never stopped any gold hungry man yet.) No, he couldn't go himself, but by golly he was going to draw us a map that couldn't miss! This he proceeded to do.

Well, since Barnum was right, it is unnecessary to add that we went a-treasure hunting. The old boy must have visited that part of the country, for he did give us some true landmarks. Of course we found no gold, only heat, no water, and precious little vegetation. We arrived back in Texas after a rough experience, which included getting caught in a brief revolution, $2,500 poorer but with a million dollars worth of experience.

I am now a clergyman, but still follow as a hobby, history, folklore, traditions and legends of the Old West. I may seem rather foolish, but my heart still skips a beat when I read of lost mines and buried treasures. The last treasure I sought was that of the pirate captain, Jean Lafitte. I waded, sloshed and poled through the Barataria swamps near New Orleans, looking for Lafitte's hoard. After two weeks of that, I was told that he had buried it on Galveston Island. Yep—I even looked there! By the time I reached Galveston, the size of his hoard had reputedly increased to $9,000,000. Then I read in one of J. Frank Dobie's books that the swashbuckling buccaneer had buried his hoard in a swamp in Matagorda County, at the mouth of the Colorado River. I gave up then and there . . .

I found, as so many men have found, that I had left the real treasures behind me. Back home I found the girl of my choice, and my "pearl of great price" in my mother's Bible which I had neg-



"Last week was his first strike and I think it went to his head!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lected so long. Today I seek not the gold that perisheth, but, instead, seek to lead men and women to the One who said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things (the necessities of life) shall be added unto them."

Thank you for your patience (?) in listening.—Reverend Glenn F. Hozendorf,, 7001 Harold Avenue, Minneapolis, 27, Michigan.

Thank you, Reverend—even for sneaking in that little sermon at the end. Reckon we can all profit by it.

Gents:

I enjoy reading your articles (stories) on lost gold mines. No wonder—I have been chasing these lost rainbows for a good many years, and never found a pot o' gold yet!

At the present time I am working on uncovering a lost lode; probably richer than any you have written about, since *this* lost lode was half gold and half silver. The miner (not prospector) that found this vein actually drilled into the lode and set off a charge of dynamite. He claimed he "shot down" over $50,000 worth of ore with this one charge, and that the gold-silver ore ran over $90 per pound or more than $180,000 per ton. How's that for a story—just about as good as Peg Leg's. However, there is direct evidence to prove part of the story.

On a ridge a short distance to the east, rich ore was found in early days—ore averaging $20 and $30 per pound (old price), now 75% higher. Ore shipment of two and one-fourth tons netted $365,000 (old price, $81 per pound), an actual ore shipment on ore running just $41 per pound included.

Well, that's what I'm hunting now. You see, this miner covered the ore up and never *could* get back to it. Isn't that the usual story?—Ralph Whelchel, Box 7, Caldwell, Idaho.

Right you are, Ralph. Seems like we've heard the same doggone story at least a dozen times. But we wish you luck, Podner!

Dear Fred:

I have just read Dr. Harrington's article "I'm *Sick* of Lost Mines!" with considerable interest and enthusiasm. How well he has hit one of my pet peeves on the head—but at the same time he has attacked one of my choice gospels.

For years I have tried sincerely and vainly to discredit many of the lost mine tales. No use, because the adventuresome public wants the treasure to be there and they want to contemplate getting it. That's all well and good, as we all like to dream. But the rub is that some fools actually go after these ethereal millions. Some die by accident, and many more almost lose their lives by starvation, exposure and various mishaps.

The Lost Dutchman Mine is my select example. Several so-called treasure hunters have made fair to good livings looking for it (in Phoenix) and writing about their imaginary adventures. Nevertheless, none of these "treasure hunters" has the proverbial pot or window. On the other hand, a group of six GI's located the Lost Dutchman (if this could be it) after World War II, and have annually removed quantities of raw gold and ingots. However, *their* Lost Dutchman is not a mine but a cave; and it is not located in the Superstitions. Further-

CARAVAN TOURS®

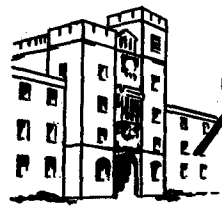
EUROPE $698 to $879

11 COUNTRIES

Sailing on QUEEN MARY, QUEEN ELIZABETH, S. S. UNITED STATES, S. S. MAASDAM, S. S. RYNDAM, S. S. STATENDAM, EMPRESS of BRITAIN, S. S. HANSEATIC, S. S. LIBERTE and S. S. HOMERIC

31 Sailings from New York and Montreal, from July 31st to November 6th. European Grand Tour visiting England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, French Riviera, Monte Carlo, France. ALL EXPENSE—PERSONALLY ESCORTED . . includes round trip tourist steamship passage, all hotels, most meals, all sightseeing, transportation, transfers and even tips. Later return if desired. Tours limited to 42 members. Immediate reservations necessary. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or write for Free Booklet No. 62-F.

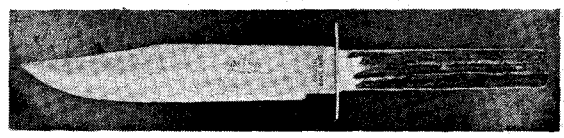
CARAVAN TOURS, INC.
220 S. State St., Chicago 4, Ill.
Please send Free Booklet No. 62-F
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____



Augusta MILITARY ACADEMY

Renowned for developing boys of leadership qualities since 1865. Small classes and supervised study under men of proven ability develop concentration, intellectual progress. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. ROTC. Military training and Band. Located in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley. 3½ hours from Washington— 2½ hours from Richmond, Roanoke. All sports program designed to allow each boy participation in a variety of athletics. Remedial reading. Large gym and swimming pool. 1,500 acres of school in the country. Junior School—Grades 4 through Post Graduate. For catalog and "Life At Augusta" write Col. C. S. Roller, Jr., Principal, Box P. D., FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA.

Original—
JIM BOWIE KNIFE



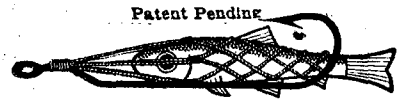
Not too big to use—just under a foot long, 7" blade ¼" thick, hand made, extra heavy genuine stag handles, brass lined. Clean simple lines, balance and workmanship—a thrill to hold in your hands. Not one of the cheap imports covered with cheese-cake for collectors—this knife is made for hard use. Beautiful leather sheath has metal end for protection against hunting hazards.

Postpaid $8.50, money back guarantee.

CAP'N BALL, Dept. W, 110 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida

MINNOW SOCKS

Patent Pending



NOW—STILL FISH, TROLL, CAST WITH LIVE MINNOWS, BALAO, EELS, MULLET, LARGE SHRIMP, FROGS, ETC.

Chinese handcuff principle holds bait securely, keeps alive indefinitely. Simply slide bait headfirst into "SOCK" from either end.

In still fishing "SOCK" allows bait to swim naturally. Use with all bait rigs. Troll sock alone or attach to spoon. Ideal for spinning, surf casting, many other uses.

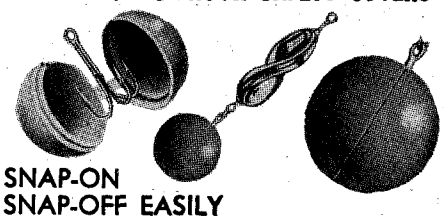
Hand woven of nylon coated, stainless steel wire, 3 sizes, 4 cards:

2 Large	8/0 and/or 10/0 Hooks	$1.80
4 Medium	6/0, 5/0, 4/0, 3/0 Hooks	$3.00
6 Small	1/0, 2, 4 Hooks	$3.60
3 Assorted		$2.15

Check or M.O., No C.O.D.'s

BAIT'S ALIVE! Box 92, Postal Stn. K Toronto, Canada

AMAZING FISH-HOOK SAFETY COVERS



SNAP-ON
SNAP-OFF EASILY

KEMP KAPS enclose barbs in snag-proof, unbreakable polyethylene capsul—eliminate costly accidents and hook entanglements. Two sizes: Small, for 6 thru 14 hooks—$1 per doz. ppd. Large, for hooks thru 2/0 Mustad—$1 per ½ doz. ppd. Molded in assorted bright colors. A "must accessory" for all who fish.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED.

HOUSE of B's
5526 Alhambra Ave. Los Angeles 32, California

LITTLE RAMEY CAMP — Big Creek, Idaho
Big Game Hunting, Elk, Deer, Goat, Sheep, Special Sheep Hunts, High Lake Fishing
A pack train outfit hunting Big Creek watershed in
IDAHO PRIMITIVE AREA—Not a Resort

We take hunting parties on 10 day trips in the Chamberlin Basin and Big Creek watershed in the Idaho Primitive Area in Valley County, Idaho at reasonable rates for parties of two or more. We furnish pack and saddle stock, camp and grub and one man stays with the party. The hunter furnishes his own bedroll or sleeping bag, gun, license and personal gear. Personal guide service if desired at $25.00 per day.

Our base camp is located at Little Ramey Creek on Big Creek, and is reached via Cascade or McCall, Idaho through Yellow Pine to Big Creek, Idaho. We operate a packstring outfit, with first-class saddle and pack stock and good pack and camp equipment. Catering to the experienced hunter and sportsman who appreciates hunting in primitive Western country. For rates and available dates in 1958 write:

L. E. CURTIS
Bonded and Licensed Outfitter

Winter Address: c/o Atlanta Stage Route, Boise, Idaho

Summer Address, after August 1, Big Creek, Valley County, Idaho

POW hunting slingshot

- accurate, powerful—silent
- kills small game, pests
- hits like a rifle

$1.50 ppd.

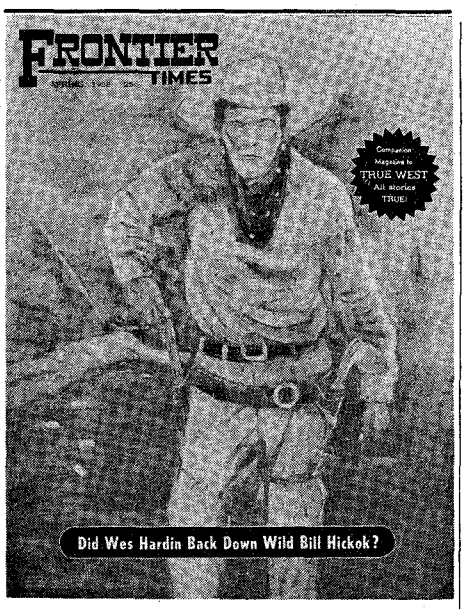
Special: 275 extra steel balls $1

Used by expert marksmen! 7" hardwood stock, 45 lb. pull. Has double rubber for double power. FREE!—target, extra rubber and big supply heaviest steel balls used by experts. Illustrated catalog.

10 Extra heavy rubber bands $1

H & B STONE—Dept. GG
Box 2755, Santa Monica, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DID JOHN WESLEY HARDIN REALLY BACK DOWN WILD BILL HICKOK?

Lewis Nordyke, one of America's best known writers, tackles what is still one of the greatest Old West controversies. Lewis went out in the field; he beat the brush, he talked to old-timers, he talked to sons of old-timers, he talked to a man who had been there and had seen the whole thing happen. It's the life of John Wesley Hardin. Nuff said.

And there are other articles such as JIM BOWIE AND HIS DEADLY KNIFE, HE CREATED THE BOWIE KNIFE (life story of James Black), BIG MOUTH—APACHE SCOUT, LOST BLUE BUCKET MINE, ROLLICKING RAWHIDE, PLUM CREEK INCIDENT, MA RIDIN' OLD BULLY, THEY DIDN'T TAKE THE TOWN, HERDING CATTLE IN MEXICO, *and other interesting features.*

If you can't find it on your newsstands, use coupon below.

FRONTIER TIMES
Box 5008—TW, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing ☐ $1 for 4 issues; ☐ $2 for 8 issues; ☐ $3 for 12 issues (check one) of FRONTIER TIMES.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

more, Jacob Walzer never in his life said he was getting his gold from a *mine*. He came into town with lots of gold from short trips, and said, "No miner will ever find my *mine*." No miner has, nor will they, because it was not a mine but a cave containing the infernal gold which the Indians took from the Mexicans and *Americanos* alike.

Yes, Dr. Harrington is flat wrong in implying that there is *no* buried treasure. There are literally thousands of buried treasures throughout the United States, and more and more of these are being found each year. Some of it is in $200 and $300 lots and some of it runs into many thousands of dollars. Unfortunately, the *successful* treasure hunters who go out year after year and find "theirs" do not publicize the fact. Consequently, we, the public, never know of it. Several really large treasures have been recovered in the past five years to my knowledge, and not a word of it has appeared in the press. To name a few: the Yuma (Arizona) Cache, the Wagon Mound (New Mexico) Cache, the Macon (Nebraska) Cache and the Atlantic City (Wyoming) Cache. I know, personally, that each of these finds ran well into five figures; yet not a peep to or in the newspapers. Successful treasure hunters do not invite or want headlines.

So, I say Dr. Harrington is wrong in assuming that there is no buried treasure. To cite another example: Thousands of misers in just as many small towns, cities, and on farms, died without ever disposing of their amassed wealth. Think hard of your own home town, and a dollar to a buffalo chip says you can recall some native who was reputed to have a fortune accumulated and hidden. **(By golly, you're right! Old Zeke Thomas was supposed to have squirreled away a stone crock full of gold double eagles!—Editor.)**

Besides the regular misers, how many of the early day people never trusted banks or bankers and resorted to the immemorial frontier "post hole" banks? Plenty, you can bet!

Now, for a part of my own experience: Back in the late twenties and early thirties I earned my way through school digging up buried treasure at Fort Kearney, Nebraska. It was a good thing, because we could go to the local museum at Minden, Nebraska, and research events at the old Fort, then go out and dig a little and come home with anywhere from $200 to $1300. Only thing was, I was too damned young to keep my mouth shut and I told the sheriff. Then, *he* went out and started digging, and the Lord knows how much he recovered. It was plenty.

In 1938 I worked at North Platte, Nebraska. I worked with another fellow from that city, and we researched Cottonwood Springs and old Fort McPherson and managed to dig up enough coin and currency in three months to equal a year's pay on our jobs. All the money was old, and a local dentist paid us 1½ times face value for it. Had we known, we could have sold it for five to ten times face value.

Cheney Barth, of Denver, Colorado, worked the area around Independence Rock, Wyoming, in 1955, and he has long since retired. Prior to that time he was a carpenter, cement finisher and builder. He hit several treasure caches along the Oregon Trail, and he's fixed for life. Cheney would be the first to tell you that he didn't even scratch the surface.

Anybody seriously interested in treasure hunting should study it and proceed in a scientific manner. It may help him to join a treasure hunting club. The Treasure Trove Club, 2922 164th Street, Flushing 58, New York, is a national group interested in both buried and sunken treasure. Membership costs $3 per year. The Associated Geographers of America, P. O. Box 3152, Beverly Hills, California, is a group primarily interested in buried treasure. This group issues charters to local chapters and membership costs $5.00. Both clubs are non-profit, and I belong to both. The latter group issues some good bulletins and is really a fine, aggressive outfit.

I do agree with Dr. Harrington on treasure maps. I have hunted treasure with more or less success most of my life and I have never seen a bona fide treasure map. During my years I have collected about 100 "genuine" treasure maps. As interesting curios, they are priceless; as treasure maps, they are worthless.

I have one map which was taken from a dead man in Oklahoma in 1878. It has his blood on it and even a nick where the bullet passed through the edge. The map was offered to me for $300 and I bought it for $5.00. This map amazes me because, even now, after eighty years, that old-time ink has faded very little. Yet, I'll stake my life on the fact that this map is every bit as genuine as an eighty-dollar bill.

I am happy to see *True West* come out and blow some of the foam off some of these mythical and legendary treasures. But, believe me folks, there are thousands of treasure caches throughout these United States just waiting to be found—and I aim to find my share of them. I could go on for pages and pages proving my point conclusively if I had the time to write and you had the time to read. Anyhow, I've had *my* say. Anybody want to argue the point further?—Karl Von Mueller, 45397 Airport Station, Los Angeles, California.

We're convinced, Karl. You suppose a slightly spavined-up old writer and editor could get himself a share of all that treasure?

Seriously, a summing up and evaluating of nearly 100 letters received in reply to Dr. Harrington's article revealed these interesting facts: Practically all the writers agreed with the Doc that treasure maps are aged in the bull and strictly for suckers. About two-thirds of our correspondents believe that there is still plenty of buried treasure in the United States, but mighty few lost mines. One-third of all letter writers believe—or at least, profess to believe—in the existence of both lost mines and buried treasures. Best of all, everybody had fun—and that goes for us too.

I Knew Rose of the Cimarron

(Continued from page 21)

useful in carrying information, and they could steal a horse with neatness and finesse. Both were arrested and served terms in a reform school.

Russell Adams of Guthrie, who wrote a letter to *True West* (November, 1954, page 46, referring to Chris Madsen, also about Rose) made this mistake. He also refers to "the prisoners from Ingalls." There was but *one* prisoner, the outlaw Arkansas Tom.

In the face of all queries and speculations, the marshals kept the secret to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their graves. Sixty years after the Ingalls Battle, the story of Rose Dunn, Rose of the Cimarron, was for the first time revealed.

THE later history of Rose is brief and simple. In 1897, two years after the death of Bitter Creek, she married Charles Noble, a blacksmith and well-driller. They moved to another part of Oklahoma, and I believe there were children.

Mr. Noble died, and Rose, while visiting her relatives near the town of Yale, Oklahoma, met and married an old friend. They lived in the state of Washington.

In the spring of 1956, the husband came back to Stillwater, Oklahoma, the county seat, ten miles west of Ingalls. He gave an interview to the newspapers in which he said that Rose had suffered much from notoriety. However, since she was then living in a far distant place, it seems most unlikely that persons thereabout ever identified her as the Rose of the Cimarron. So well had the secret been kept, that, in the years between, none of her neighbors could have learned it except from herself or family. Such information would have been almost sure to have reached print. So the "embarrassment" of which her husband spoke seems doubtful.

Rose died in March, 1956, but the fanciful tales of Rose of the Cimarron live on.

Comanche Captive

(Continued from page 19)

Life in Rolling Thunder's camp was pleasant. Lee accompanied the chief on his hunting trips and spent many hours telling the chief of the wonders of the white man's civilization.

Rolling Thunder urged Lee to take a wife. Lee agreed and carefully selected the slim, young Sleek Otter as his bride. Lee was highly pleased with his beautiful young wife, for she was an efficient housewife and a congenial companion.

Despite the liberties allowed him in Rolling Thunder's camp and his marriage, Lee continued to think of escape. Then, unexpectedly, he got his chance.

A conference of Comanche chiefs was called for a village three days' ride distant so Rolling Thunder broke out his ceremonial dress, hung his tomahawk and buffalo-horn drinking cup from his saddle, slung his rifle across his arm, summoned Lee, and they departed. Rolling Thunder was riding his best mount and Lee an aged mule.

They stopped at a neighboring Comanche camp the first night and the chief broke out a supply of high-octane firewater for his guest. The dignified Rolling Thunder let his hair down and consumed enough of the bad liquor to get roaring drunk.

Rolling Thunder was a very sick Indian when he woke the next morning. Lee and the chief hit the trail after a breakfast of rare horse meat and before long Rolling Thunder was feeling very sick in the belly. And he was thirsty.

It was 1:30 that afternoon before Lee and the Chief found water—a puddle too shallow to dip water from with the chief's buffalo-horn drinking cup without dragging up mud. The chief sprang from his horse and flopped face downward over the pool, laying his rifle by his side but leaving his tomahawk swing-

THEY'RE RUNNING OUT!

26

STOCK UP ON THOSE BACK ISSUES NOW! It may sound corny, but when they're gone—they're flat g ne for good. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 have been gone for some time. Now Nos. 9 & 12 have played out. Several more are getting slim.

We'll extend your subscription (or put you on) for a dollar's worth for every No. 1, 2, 3 or 4 you send us. The issues shown above, plus those which have run out, plus the one you have in your hands represent a complete file of TRUE WEST. DON'T WAIT! We have stacks of letters urgently requesting Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9 and 12—but it's too late, we just don't have them. Use coupon, listing those you want by number. All copies 25c each.

TRUE WEST
P. O. Box 5008
Austin 31, Texas

No.'s 1, 2, 3, 4, 9 & 12 Not Available. All Others 25c.

Here is.....in payment for Nos.

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

MAKE BIG MONEY

raising either Chinchillas, Nutria, Guinea pigs, Rabbits, Mink or Pigeons for us. This is your big opportunity to get started on the road to prosperity with us, and to have an income for life. Send 25c for full information that explains everything about the big proposition we have to offer you.

KEENEY BROTHERS FARMS
New Freedom, Pa. R. #2. Box #108

You'll Enjoy **FULL CRY**

Original, oldest, largest magazine. Nearly 100 pages, monthly, devoted to

COON HOUNDS and TREE HOUNDS
COON HOUND FIELD TRIALS

Full of news about dogs and hunting, training and care. Official organ of American Hound Assn. Send 25c for copy or $1.00 for 5 mo. subscription.
FULL CRY, Box 190-TW, Sedalia, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIVERSIDE

Health and interest assured by Spring and Fall in Georgia Mts., Winter at Hollywood, Florida — two complete school plants, each with all facilities. Outdoor sports year round.

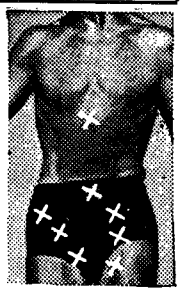
Fully accredited college preparation. Also Post Graduate Dept. Constant association with selected teachers who live and eat with cadets. Weekly reports. ROTC. Progress GUARANTEED. Reasonable all-inclusive fee. Outstanding record. Athletics for all. Separate Junior High, grades 7-8.

For illustrated catalog, address

GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, Pres.
Box W, Gainesville, Georgia

WINTER NEAR MIAMI — FALL & SPRING IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

LOOK
for Rupture Help



Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you NOW!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 385-H State St., Marshall, Mich.

SEPTIC TANK-OUTDOOR TOILET -CESSPOOL PROBLEM?

Save expensive digging and pumping. Simply pour enzyme concentrate Sept-O-Solve into tank or toilet. Deodorizes and creates waste consuming bacteria. Makes tanks, etc. work like new. No lye, lime. Harmless to humans, animals, plumbing. Postcard brings free literature.

T. W. ABBEY CHEMICAL CO.
646 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY
582 Brentwood Sta., St. Louis 17, Mo.

ing from his saddle. Here was Lee's chance!

He grabbed the hatchet, buried it to the handle in the chief's head; he leaped on Rolling Thunder's horse, grabbed the mule's reins, and fled. Lee camped that night, killed the mule, and smoked the meat for a supply on his journey back to civilization. The blood attracted a drove of wolves and panthers that snarled and screamed around the camp all night. Lee didn't sleep.

The next day Lee set out for civilization, traveling over rugged mountain terrain. A week passed . . . two weeks . . . a month . . . still no sign of civilization. Lee killed wild game for food but he grew thinner and thinner. His clothes hung from his frame in tatters, and his three-year-old beard was stained with sweat and dust. Lee kept moving.

Then on the afternoon of the fifty-sixth day he met two Mexican traders on the trail. They led him to civilization.

LEE remained in Texas until he recuperated from his ordeal and then returned to his native New York, where he lived the rest of his life. Lee's fortune was lost in the ill-fated San Francisco mule drive and he died in poverty.

For twenty-five years Nelson Lee had roamed on land and sea in search of adventure, but after his three years with the Comanches, he retired to the quiet solitude of New York. His experiences with the Comanches had been enough to last a lifetime.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 3)

market with all readers of *True West* and *Frontier Times*. I, for one, would be only too glad to reserve my copy—autographed, of course—right now.

My wife and I and our teen-age son, Jim Jr., are touring historical sights in Wyoming at the present time. We brought along a copy of the February issue when we examined the Custer Battlefield, and really got a kick out of studying the various phases of the fight as delineated by your Indian narrator. We also thought that the artist's illustration of the battlefield was very accurate as to the general character of the terrain.

Incidentally—in case you missed the newspaper squib—you will be interested to know that the U. S. Seventh Cavalry has finally made peace with the Sioux. I quote from an A. P. dispatch dated February 18, 1958, Along the Truce Line, Korea: "The United States Seventh Cavalry, defeated by Sitting Bull eighty years ago, has made peace with the Sioux. A peace pipe, made by the Seventh Cavalry soldiers, was sent to Sitting Bull 5th, great-great-grandson of the Indian leader who wiped out the Seventh Cavalry command of General George A. Custer in the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876.

"The gift was to commemorate the birth of the young Sioux and the recent rebirth of the Seventh Cavalry under the Army's new pentomic structure. Along with the peace pipe went a letter of congratulations to the baby's parents, Vincent (Sitting Bull 4th) and Frances Cadotta, of Los Angeles."—James J. Moran, General Delivery, Casper, Wyoming.

I just hope I get the chance to autograph that book for you, Jim. I'd also love to tackle the other Tribal Series you mention—time and finances permitting. I hadn't seen the newspaper report on the nice gesture of the newly reactivated Seventh Cavalry, and it sure does me good to read it. The old hate and bitterness has been a long time dying on both sides, but it looks like this friendly gift to the little Sitting Bull of today might turn the trick. I certainly hope so.—NBW

Answers to Various Questions on Wyatt Earp

Editor's Note:

We received a large number of letters requesting replies to questions on Wyatt Earp raised by Lea McCarty's articles on Earp in September-October True West. Since many of the questions were duplications and it is physically impossible, due to limited space, to print all the letters, we will present answers to the most-asked questions as provided by author McCarty, E. M. Dickey, and Guy Giffen. Basically, all the replies carry the same general information.

Question: Lea McCarty made the statement that Earp's *ashes* were interred in a Jewish cemetery. How could this be, since cremation is against the Jewish religion?

Answer: **(By McCarty) Earp's marriage to Josephine was unorthodox and cremation did not therefore fall under the Jewish ban. The Marcus plot in Hills of Eternity, San Francisco, is a personal property and the owners can bury there who they choose.**

Question: Was Wyatt Earp a Jew and did he have any children?

Answer:(**(By McCarty) Wyatt Earp was of Scotch descent. He had two children by Josephine Sarah Marcus, but neither survived.**

Question: Did Earp use only a Colt Buntline Special, and what kind of holster did he use?

Answer: **(By McCarty) A. M. King states that Earp used the Peacemaker .45 and a long-barreled so-called "horse pistol" in addition to the Buntline. (Incidentally, I was in error when I wrote that Mr. King had seen Earp with the Buntline. He never had.) King has this to say about holsters: "Revolvers in the early days were worn off the belt, and there was no low gunsling slit belt extension. A man killed a beef, tanned the hide, made a pattern holster, doubled it over and through the holster loops and then rawhided the unfastened edge. Copper rivets were used to fasten the cartridge carrier when the leather was wet, to hold the bullets. TV and movies distort the facts with guns slung low enough to make the scene preposterous to anybody who knows Western history. It stands in the same ridiculous category with gun-fanning."**

Question: Are Wyatt Earp's revolvers located?

Answer: **(By E. M. Dickey) In Alaska, Earp loaned his famous Buntline Special to a friend who carried the U. S. Mail, using a small whaleboat. On one of the mail carrier's trips, the water became so rough he was compelled to throw overboard part of his cargo. Earp's Buntline went into the water and was lost. This information comes from an item published in The American Rifleman of April, 1955, written by John S. du Mont, an authority on these long-barreled Colt Revolvers.**

Added note by McCarty: Mr. King, Earp's old deputy, states that there are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no Wyatt Earp weapons in existence to his knowledge.

Question: Not including the three murderers of his brothers, how many outlaws were killed by Earp?

Answer: **(By McCarty) Wyatt Earp never told how many men he killed, according to King. He would evade the subject. He was not proud of killing anybody.**

Added note by Guy J. Giffen: An "outlaw" is a man wanted by the law. As far as I know, Earp never killed any outlaw. However, he did "murder" a few men, and as a result died with an unserved murder warrant against him in Arizona.

Question: Is it true that there is no official record of Wyatt Earp as a Sheriff or U. S. Marshal?

Answer: **(By McCarty) The Department of Justice states that there is no record of a badge and that Wyatt Earp was never a U. S. Marshal or even a Deputy Marshal. I have the letter from Washington to prove it.**

Added note by Giffen: I have been informed by Washington that in those days Deputy Marshals were often deputized by U. S. Marshals, but their names were seldom, if ever, registered. To the best of my knowledge, Wyatt Earp was never a Sheriff.

Question: In "The County Seat War" (October, 1957, *True West)* appears a photo of a group of old-time Dodge City gunfighters. At what age did each of the group die (excluding Wyatt Earp)? Which of them died a natural death? Also, a personal question: One of my brothers-in-law, living in Belgium, is a Marcus. I would deeply appreciate knowing if he is a relative of Wyatt Earp's deceased wife.—S. Silverschatz, 250, Rue Josaphat 250, Bruxelles 3, Belgium.

Answer: **(By McCarty) These Dodge City gunfighters were W. H. Harris (date of death unknown to King), Luke Short (died a natural death in 1893, age 39), Bat Masterson (died a natural death in 1921, exact age unknown), Charles E. Bassett (date of death unknown), Wyatt Earp (died a natural death at 80, in 1929, in Los Angeles), M. C. Clark (date and manner of death unknown), Neil Brown (ditto).**

You may write to Sherrith Isreal at Hills of Eternity Cemetery, San Francisco, to determine whether Wyatt Earp's deceased wife, Josephine Marcus, was related to your brother-in-law.

Goof Department

Editor's Note:

Letters too numerous to mention came snowing in to "Truly Western" pointing out an incredible error in Sam Howe's recent story on the champion bucking horse, Steamboat. Sam had Tom Horn returning from prison to shoot Steamboat—in 1914! Now practically everybody in the West knows that Tom Horn was hung for murder back in 1903. The error slipped by us all, in some manner impossible to explain. Sam himself has been mighty ill, but his sister, Miss Jane Howe, writes "Steamboat was shot with the rifle belonging to the late Tom Horn." Anyhow, the matter is all cleared up now, as such errors always are eventually in "Truly Western." In connection with that fact, may we express our grateful appreciation to all the readers who wrote in on the Steamboat article. The following letter, on another controversial article, neatly pinpoints the way TW readers play along with us until they get as close to the truth as is humanly possible.

Dear Fred:

Ever since *True West* started out in the summer of 1953, I've been making the big brag that you and I worked on the San Angelo *Standard-Times* together (*sotta voce*—at different times, you were there before me) and I've passed *True West* off as being the pure quill. But with the February issue, you've put a kink in my brag. You and that feller William Harnin, with his yarn "Slaughter Odds 80 To I . . ."

Around a recent pinon fire in southwestern New Mexico, *True West* and Mr. Harnin's story became a subject for a rather heated discussion. An old-time rancher was present, and he had just regaled us with a yarn from his own colorful past. Back in 1907, he had been forced to leave a lone hand move 300 two-year-old steers about twelve miles to the home ranch pens. Twenty hours later the hand showed up with the steers and a bunch of mixed stuff. His only explanation was: "I spilled 'em."

When Mr. Harnin's story was considered, the old-timer summed it up thusly: "Yep, *True West* spilled the facts and gathered some culls on the way in, but they'll cut 'em out in "Truly Western," you wait and see. I'll stick to the man who brings in the facts even though I know the herd'll need reworking once in a while." Well, Fred, we are waiting!—G. A. Austin, 2025 Old Town Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

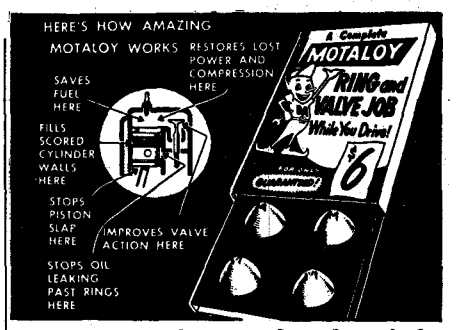
Okay, G. A., here we come! Again we are indebted to numerous readers pointing out errors in Mr. Harnin's story, including P. J. Rasch, former lawmen of New Mexico, etc. However, since all the letters contained duplications and it would be impossible to print them all, we will let our newly appointed research editor take over at this point. Folks, meet Samuel O. Sisco, noted writer and life-long student of Western Americana. Sam will officially take over his duties with the July-August issue of True West.

Dear Joe:

There are, indeed, discrepancies in William Harnin's story. I'll list them:

Baca did not shoot Jim Hearne in the cabin doorway as Harnin states. Hearne was advancing toward the *jacal* held by Baca and said . . . "I'll get this dirty little Mexican out of here! Come out of there, and come damned quick!"

Baca's answer was two revolver shots,



MOTALOY ring and valve job replates parts while you drive!

Easy! Just drop MOTALOY tabs in fuel tank. Motaloy's scientific metalplating action takes place while you drive, eliminating expensive and old methods of replacing worn pistons, rings and valves. Simple! No equipment to buy. Increases gas mileage! Will last for 200,000 miles Money-back guarantee!

MOTALOY REG U S PAT OFF

the only product of its kind in all the world!

ONLY $6 POST PAID

ORDER MOTALOY NOW For Your Car

Motaloy Manufacturing Corp., Dept. TW-1
1003 N. E. Military Dr., San Antonio, Texas

( ) Enclosed is $6 cash, check or money order. Please send me one package of Motaloy, postage paid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

For Free Literature only, check here ( )

TANNING

Will tan anything from a mouse to a moose. Hair on, or various leathers. Buck skin, elk, moose, goat, cattle hides and all others. No tooling leathers.

MANUFACTURERS

Leather jackets, gloves, RUGS & ROBES.

- IN STOCK -

RUGS & ROBES, tanned furs, pelts, skins, leathers, buck skin.

FREE PRICE LIST

VALCAUDA FUR CO.

National Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Quick • Efficient • Reliable

TRUE WEST

P. O. Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas

12 Issues (2 yrs.) $3.
24 Issues (4 yrs.) $5.

I enclose $_____. Send True West for_____years, starting with your next issue to:

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

New_____ Renewal_____

This is a Gift Subscription

Please send one of your Special Gift Announcement Cards with my compliments.

Sent By_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both of which hit vital spots. Friends bore the body away hastily, and the siege was on. Hearne was *not* in the doorway; Baca would have been stupid to let him get that close.

Also, Baca did not shoot Perham. By some mischance, Perham's horse fell and killed its rider. Perham, of course, was Mr. Slaughter's foreman. (Eye-witness J. H. Cook stated horse crushed Perham.) The whole ruckus started because Baca was still holding onto his prisoner, McCarty. Baca was a self-appointed deputy sheriff, aged nineteen. His badge was the sort now ladled out by detective correspondence schools—NOT the badge of a deputy sheriff of Socorro or any other county. Baca's assumption of an office he did not possess brought him within the toils of the law when the affair was concluded.

Nowhere in my files did I find any mention of Baca beating up a cowhand . . . Baca had little trouble arresting and disarming McCarty. Taking his prisoner before the Justice of the Peace in the plaza was the beginning of the affray.

Concerning the dynamite episode: My records show that Baca DID NOT hear or know anything about the dynamite ". . . Near midnight of the first night of the siege, Baca from his place of hiding saw a tiny light creeping along the ground in his direction. He was not aware of his danger, having no know-

ledge of mining, but what was approaching him was a lighted fuse attached to a stick of dynamite which had been secured from the Cooney mining camp by sundry of Slaughter's cowboys . . ."

As Baca later stated: "I saw the light—but thought it was a cigarette butt thrown by one of the cowboys and blown in my direction by the wind. I watched it curiously. It would be still for a moment and then come on again. I thought it was funny that a cigarette should keep lit that long, but I didn't know any other explanation of it. I didn't know what dynamite or a fuse was . . . the light kept coming, and I kept watching and the next thing I knew—BLOOEY!"

Harnin is also wrong about Baca killing the man behind the stove he was carrying as a shield. The bullet from Baca's gun entered this man's scalp, ripped across the top of his pate and skimmed off into space. The cowboy was NOT killed. He bore his bleeding scalp hastily back to the protection of his fellows.

I have found no mention of a buckboard being driven between the jacal and the church, when Naranjo called to Baca.

An interesting highlight was passed up when writer Harnin failed to mention the plaster image of St. Anna which Baca used as a hat rack in the ruins of the *jacal*. Later, a Spanish-American family rescued the statue and, though very poor, refused subsequently to part with it. Proper ceremonies are celebrated every St. Anna's Day in the section about Magdalena, where the plaster saint now resides. It is worshiped as a good luck emblem, and Elfego Baca's own offer of ten cows for the plaster image was respectfully rejected. There is a legend of charmed existence about it. There can be no price for a saint that was responsible for the miracle of the Middle Plaza at the village of San Francisco.—Samuel O. Sisco, 64 Broad Acres, Atherton, California.

Coming Up!

(Continued from page 2)

in his honor by his Manhattan publisher!

In the December, 1957, issue of TW we printed an article by Dr. E. R. Harrington entitled "I'm *Sick* of Lost Mines!" Reader reaction was so terrific that we're running a piece in this issue called "The Heck You Say, Dr. Harrington!" This was composed entirely of letters from lost mine *aficionados* who felt a mite perturbed at the good doc's bland statement that lost mines were a lot of barnyard spread. Fact is, we got so many good letters we couldn't use 'em all. So—we're printing another article with the same title in the next issue. Seems like folks just don't care to have their illusions about lost mines and buried treasures tampered with. Anyhow, it's all good fun and good reading.

"Boys and Bumble Bees," by Florence Fenley, is a chuckly little yarn of boyhood days in Texas. Florence, you know, is the gal who wrote up the adventures of Colie Hill in the series of sketches entitled "Things I Never Saw Before" which has been appearing in both *True West* and *Frontier Times*.

Another rollicking excerpt from the book *The Cow Killers*, by Fred Gipson and Bill Leftwich, winds up the full-length articles in the next issue. The trials and tribulations of these modern-day livestock inspectors in old Mexico almost passes belief! Fred wrote the text and Bill chimed in with his famed humorous drawings—a bluechip parlay if we ever saw one.

Short subjects include Norm Wiltsey's yarn of a lucky gent who got plumb away from vexing civilization by becoming a "Ghost Town Guardian"; and Marc Peterson's grimly ironic "Half An Inch of Dirt," a story of the Wyoming cattle war in the early 1890's.

"Wild Old Days" is back again after having been run off the range in the May-June issue by the Sioux. "Truly Western" is always there—the one department we can never dispense with. Here, eventually, the truth on all disputed facts emerges—or, at least, as close to the facts as can ever be determined.

See you later, Podner . . .

CLASSIFIED

(18c per word, cash with order)

Books

TWO WESTERN AMERICANA ITEMS—"A Story of the Fabulous Windsor Hotel," Denver's famous hostelry, 36 pages, 16 pictures; "The Story of Ghost Town Caribou," Colorado's silver ghost town, 36 pages, 22 pictures; $1 per copy, postpaid: J. W. Buchanan, 1460 S. Tejon St., Denver 23, Colorado.

FOR SALE! Robert Ballou's "Early Klickitat Valley Days" $10.00. Cliff Graves, 615 E. 9th, Kansas City, Mo.

LOST TREASURE, the search for hidden gold, Ferguson. In book form, the personal files of a famous *lost mine and treasure hunter. Some new ones, late* information on some other well-known stories. Hard covers. Postpaid, $2.75. Kenneth Mayhall, Belmont, Mississippi.

CLASSIFIED

(18c per word, cash with order)

Business Opportunities

HIGH PAYING JOBS, Opportunities, foreign, USA. All trades. Companies pay fare. For information write Dept. 58K, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, New Jersey.

Make Figurines, Pleasant Home Work. Catalogue Free, W. Wooley, 1016-TW Donald, Peoria, Ill.

Make Rubber Stamps; Repair Dolls, Invisible Reweaving Catalogue "75 Ideas" Free. Universal, Box 1076-TW, Peoria, Illinois.

Dogs

BIRD DOG MECHANIC. Norval Bennett, 1635 National, Springfield 2, Missouri.

Indian Relics

STONE ARROWHEAD Making Instructions. Illustrated, Complete, $1.00. Ancient method. Chief Blackhawk, Box 564-A, Kennewick, Washington.

SELLING over 100,000 ancient Indian relics, arrowheads, spearheads, tomahawks, pipes, water bottles, etc.; Small perfect stone tomahawk, $2.00; Large perfect grooved tomahawk, $3.00; Indian skulls, $25.00; Clay pipe $4.00; Grooved war club, $2.00. List Free. Lear's, Glenwood, Ark.

ARROWHEADS—$3.50 per Doz. All types of Relics. List for Stamp. Charles Rhoton, Jr., Box 152, Keyes, Okla.

2 INDIAN WAR ARROWHEADS, Scalping Knife, Flint Thunderbird, Spearhead $4.00. Catalog Free. Arrowhead, Glenwood, Arkansas.

MAKE ARROWHEADS! Indian style or modern. Complete professional arrowhead making kit and instructions with photos $2.00. Lobo Archery, Box 144-A, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

LEARN HOW TO MAKE Arrowheads and use them in craft work. Instructions and detailed drawings, $1.00. Wes Brewer, 130 W. Laurel, Fort Collins, Colo.

ANCIENT ARROWHEADS: Fifty $10.00. Book-Relic catalog $1.00. Tilton Relics, Topeka 33, Kansas.

Leather Craft

FREE "DO-IT-YOURSELF" LEATHERCRAFT CATALOG. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791 N25, Fort Worth, Texas.

Miscellaneous

FOR SALE: GOVERNMENT SURPLUS BOATS; LST's; LCVP's; Aircrafts; Walkie-Talkies; Jeeps; Trucks; Tractors; Farm Machinery; Misc. Buy direct from U. S. Government Depots. List & Procedure $1.00. BRODY, Box 8-WSA, Sunnyside 4, New York.

"WINEMAKING," $1.00. "Stout, Beer, Ale Brewing, $1.00. Illustrated. Many herb, health books. Eaton Books, Box 1242-R, Santa Rosa, California.

ARROW-SHOT ZYPPYR Shoots regulation arrows with terrific force! Converts to regular Slingshot! Write: S. V. Higley, Burley, Idaho.

ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, BURSITIS, Sufferers, Quick Fast long lasting vital relief, Stop agonizing pains and swellings, New home treatment, WRITE TODAY, No Obligation. Jay Bruington Company, Onamia, Minnesota.

CALL Elk, Deer, Coyotes, Foxes, Cats, Bears! ORIGINALS were first and are Gold Medal Winners! Also, Deer Scent and Scent for trapping. Write: S. V. Higley, Burley, Idaho.

121 ADDRESSES BUYERS "Owls, Hawks, Crows, Turtles, Frogs, Snakes" $3. Bryant, R. 2-T Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

ALL ISSUES EXCEPT NO. 1 TRUE WEST. Make offer. E. Galloway, Box 3121, North Las Vegas, Nevada.

GIANT SIZE RAT TRAP: Can be used for Fish Basket. *Customer reports 57 fish caught one night. Price $3.95* FOB plant. Slocumb Supply Co., Douglas, Georgia.

Have COMPLETE run TRUE WEST. Make offer. H. Clausen, 107½ E. Bijou, Colorado Springs, Colo.

½ acre lots Pinedale, Wyoming. Heart best big game country U. S., electricity, water available. $500.00. Terms. Paul Crear, Severance, N.Y.

WANT TO TRADE back issues of TRUE WEST volumes 2-5, 3-1, 3-4 for volumes 3-3, 4-1, 4-5. Mel Vieths, New Underwood, S.D.

FIND URANIUM. Fisher Scintillators, Regular $495.00, $199.50. Regular $640.00 gun type probe, $249.50. Literature free. Also metal locators. Prices, FOB. Kenneth Mayhall, Belmont, Mississippi.

WANTED! Job on working cattle ranch by experienced cowhand. Married, one child. Write: Jim Marshall, Engle, New Mexico.

Western Merchandise

FREE CATALOG: Western Wear, Saddles, Boots, Leather Supplies. SILVER SPUR, P. O. Box 1785 M7, Fort Worth, Texas.

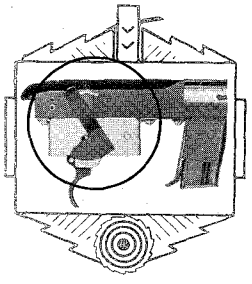
GENUINE BUFFALO LEATHER: Jackets, gloves, moccasins, handbags, chaps. Custom tanned and custom made in attractive Western styles. Send 10c for folder and sample. MELMAR BUFFALO PRODUCTS, New Underwood, S.D.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

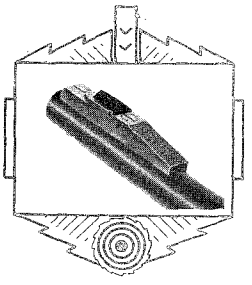
78 years of gun-making skill is yours in this spanking new king of the .22's.

The same pride of craftsmanship that has always distinguished ITHACA from "just another gun" lives in this modern new .22.

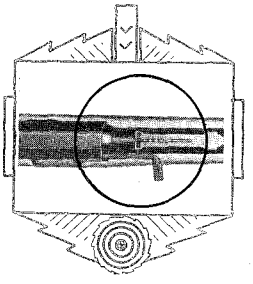
You get these features at a low, low price . . .



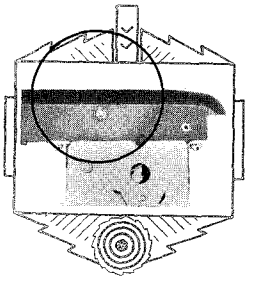
• TRIPLE SAFETY
Locks the trigger; blocks the hammer; disengages sear from hammer. The really safe safety for built-in peace of mind.



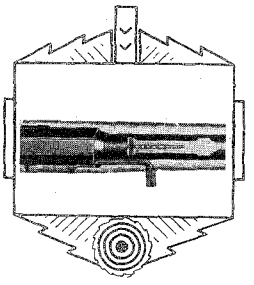
• SIGHTS
Front sight is famous Ithaca Raybar (interchangeable, no tools needed). Only rifle so equipped. Rear sight is Sporting type.



• LOADING
Non-shuttling loading lever. Handiest and simplest to operate. 7 shot magazine supplied.



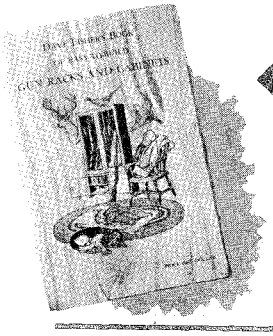
• HOLD OPEN
Easy to operate, sturdy, sure, positive in action.



• BARREL
Special barrel steel with Ithaca crafted rifling for pin-point shooting.

- Solid-steel construction, carefully machined. Built entirely in USA by gunsmiths with a reputation for quality.

- A real man's gun built along sturdy military combat lines, that you would expect to cost far more than it does. Strong, rugged parts, built for use and abuse!



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET

Build your own Gun Cabinet or Rack. Six new and modern designs. Complete, simple, easy instructions. By special arrangement with the author you can have this $1.00 booklet for only 50c coin (no stamps).

When you ask for X-5 Lightning you are getting the best for pleasure and to treasure. The price will amaze you.

Only $54.95

12 Shot clips available at $2.50. Extra 7 shot clips at $2.00 each.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, Inc.
DEPT. 6 ITHACA, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ernest H Hovenden D D S
Box 457
Ft Jones Calif

30

the woods are full of 'em

OTHER STYLES IN SANTA ROSA BRAND HUNTING and SPORTING BOOTS

Pull-on Boots for Men, Women and Boys

Moccasin toe in Black or Golden Oil Tan with varied selection of soles and heels for every need

Thermo-Insulated boots

Ladies Glove Leather Bal Moccasin or regular Moccasin

Work and Play Boots for Boys

Santa Rosa Brand's Famous Workshooter. Style No. 5740. "Styled to be right for Work or Sport."

Each year, more and more Sportsmen discover the extra value and comfort built into this western-made hunting boot

- Poetsch & Peterson western Golden Oil Tan leather
- Farberized leather insoles – curl-proof, crack-proof and sweat-resistant
- Perspiration resistant Pacifate lined vamp
- Biltrite brown "Walk-on-Air" nuron crepe soles with outside wedge welted heel
- Leather laces
- Brass ski hooks and eyes
- Cream cowhide rolled top facing

WHERE QUALITY SHOES ARE SOLD

Santa Rosa Brand

WORK SHOES AND BOOTS

Western Made for Western Wear

Santa Rosa Shoe Co., Inc. **Santa Rosa, California**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED